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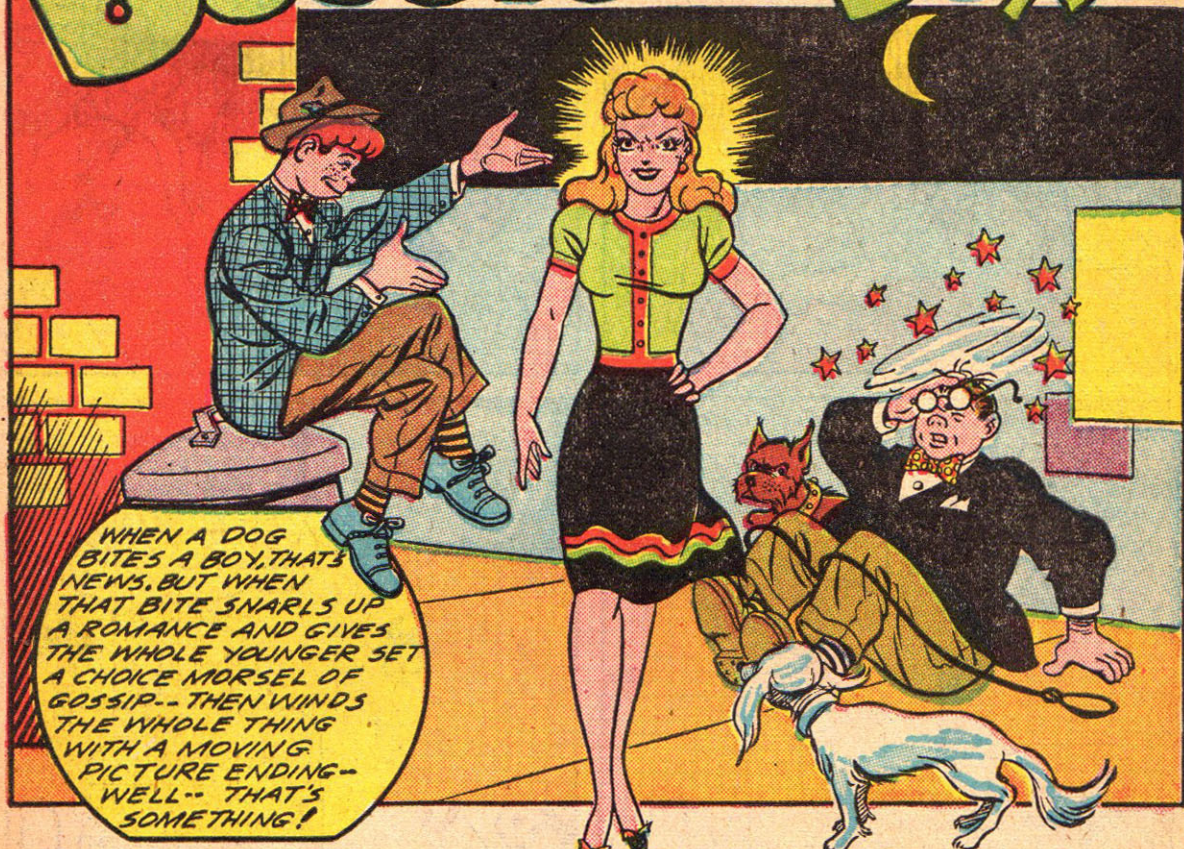
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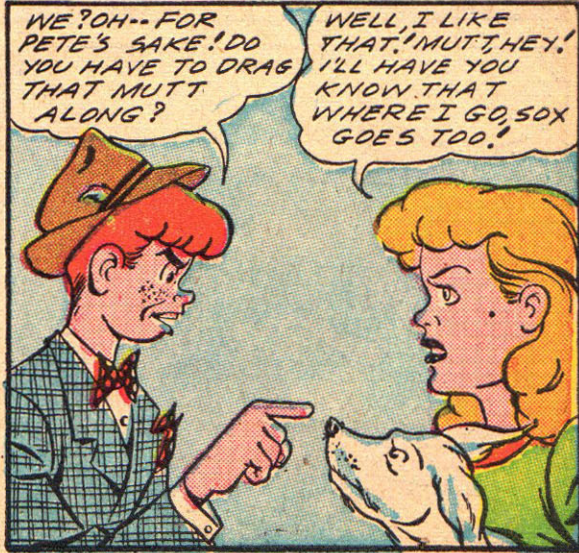
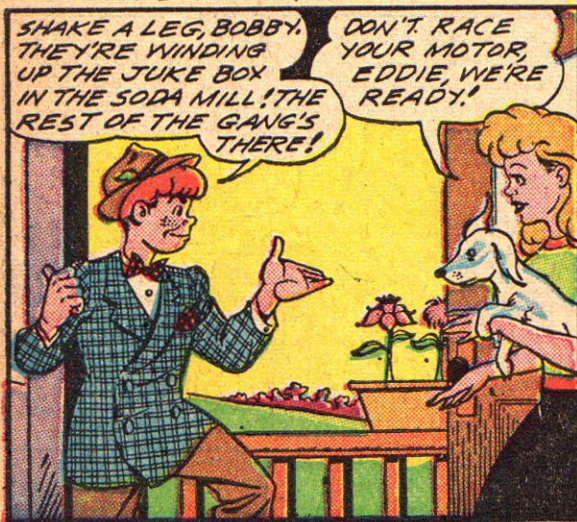
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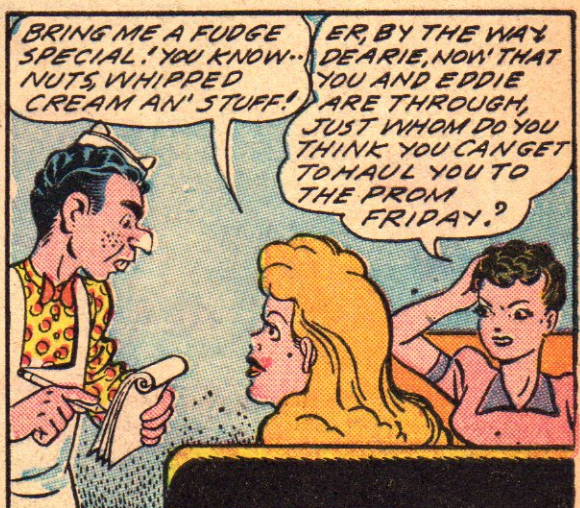
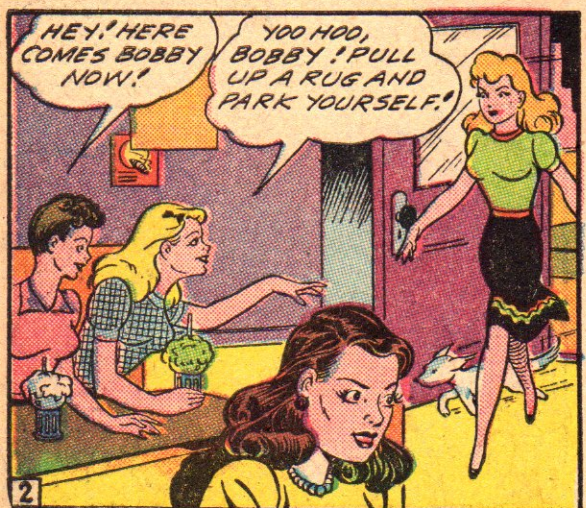
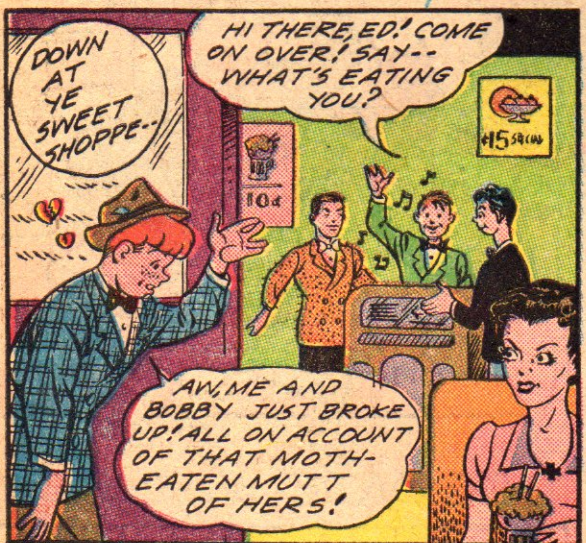
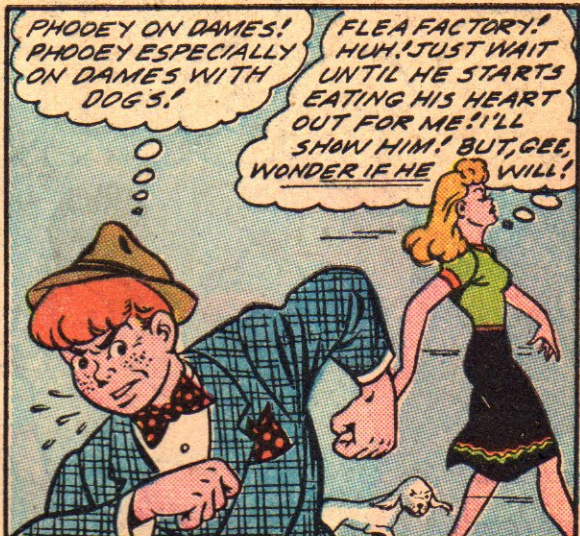
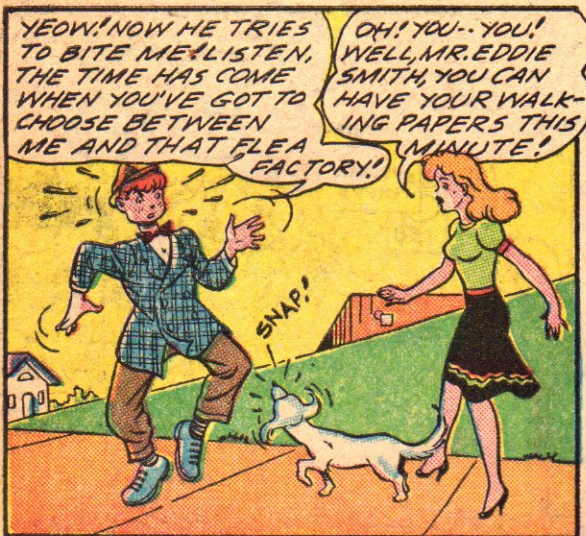
Bobbie and Sox



BOBBIE and SOX FEATURED IN --- **"DOG DAZE"** BY CHIC STONE.

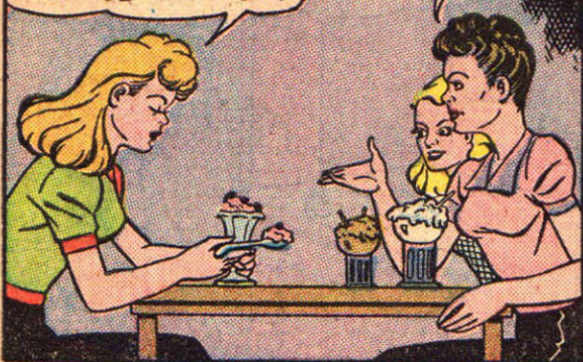
ONE LAZY SATURDAY AFTERNOON-----





PROM? OH, ER. HMPH!
YOU WAIT AND SEE! MY
DATE IS THE BIGGEST,
MOST BEAUTIFUL
MAN YOU EVER SAW!
STRICTLY A SURPRISE
PACKAGE AND HEH!

GOLLY, NO
FOOLING! I
CAN HARDLY
WAIT TO
SEE HIM!

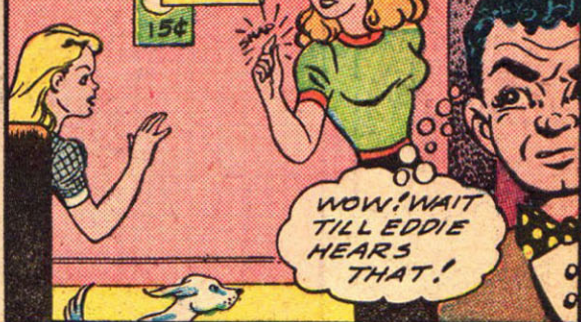


BUT WHAT
WILL EDDIE
THINK?

HIM? I DON'T GIVE--
THAT--FOR WHAT
HE THINKS!
SEE YOU LATER!

SPECIAL
DIPPS
15¢

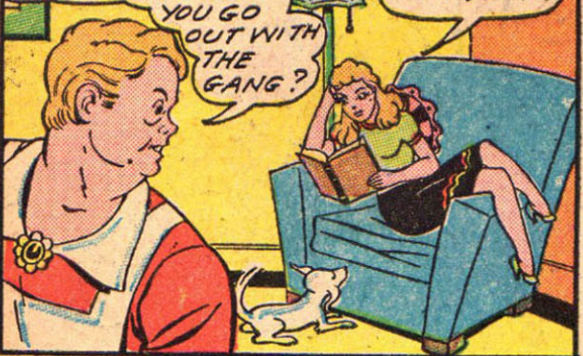
WOW! WAIT
TILL EDDIE
HEARS
THAT!



SO PASS THE DAYS, ONE BY ONE, WHILE
BOBBY -----

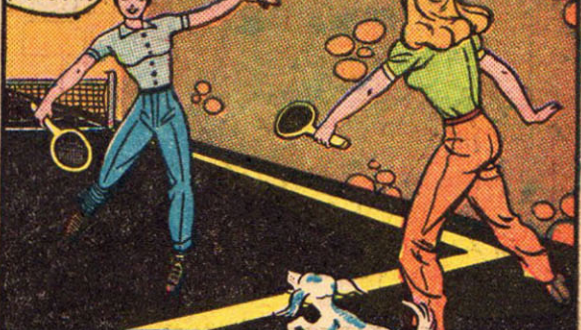
WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH YOU, BOBBY?
YOU'VE BEEN MOONING
AROUND HERE ALL
WEEK! WHY DON'T
YOU GO
OUT WITH
THE GANG?

JUST TIRED, I
GUESS! MAYBE
I'LL GO PLAY
SOME TENNIS--
COME, SOX!



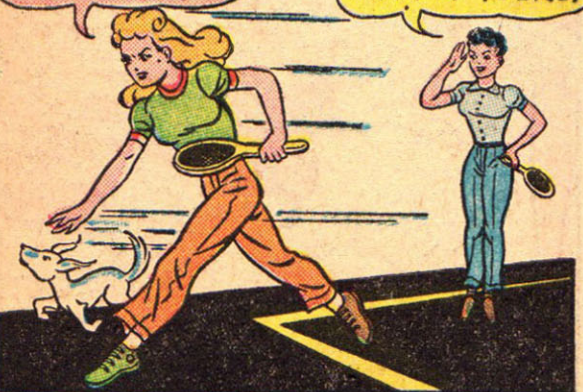
BOBBY, DARLING!
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
OUT ON A STRICTLY TWO-
SOME WITH YOUR NEW
BOY FRIEND, I BET!
GUESS YOU KNOW
ED'S TAKING ME TO
THE PROM!

HELLO, SONJA!
HE-- HE IS?



EDDIE, THAT SQUIRT! MY
DATE CAN MAKE TWO OF
HIM! LET'S GO, SOX, IT'S
GETTING AWFULLY
CATTY OUT!

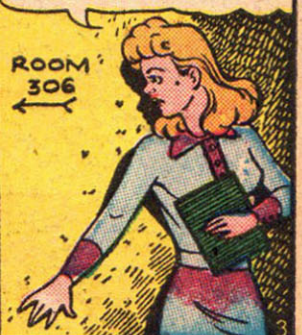
BYE-BYE, BOBBY,
I'M JUST DYING
TO MEET THIS
WONDERFUL
MAN OF YOURS!



WHILE AT SCHOOL---

HA-HA! WHAT A
LAUGH! I THINK
BOBBY INVENTED
THIS DATE OF
HERS!

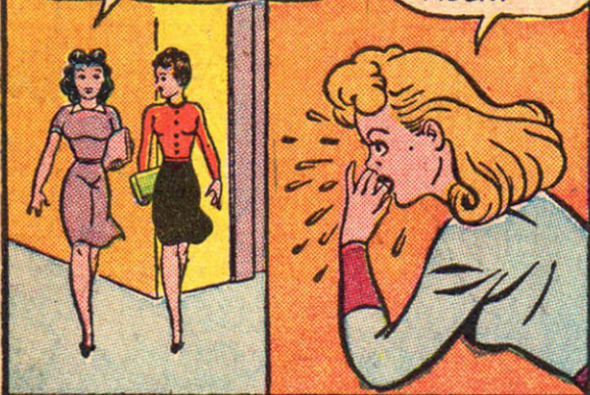
OH GOLLY! WHAT
AM I GOING TO DO?
MAYBE I COULD
CATCH MEASLES OR
SOMETHING! WHY
CAN'T I KEEP MY
BIG MOUTH SHUT?!



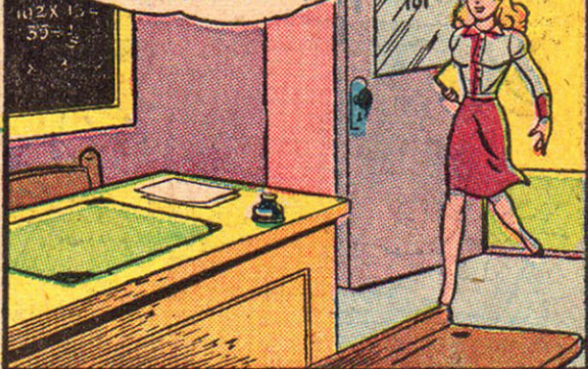
ROOM
306

WHY, SHE'S A FAKE! THERE HASN'T BEEN A NEW BOY IN THIS TOWN FOR TWO MONTHS! A BIG BEAUTIFUL MAN, HUH?

UH-OH! THE CATS! I GOTTA SCRAM--THAT EMPTY CLASS-ROOM---



ONLY ONE MORE PERIOD, THANK GOODNESS! THOSE CATS ARE TEARING ME APART! BOBBY GIRL, YOU ARE A DEAD DUCK! I'LL NEVER LIVE THIS DOWN!



THAT EVENING, BOBBY TAKES TO THE SIDE STREETS TO AVOID MEETING PEOPLE--

GEE WHIZ! NOT EVEN SAFE IN A BACK ALLEY! HERE COMES MORTIMER PULP THE CLASSROOM BORE!

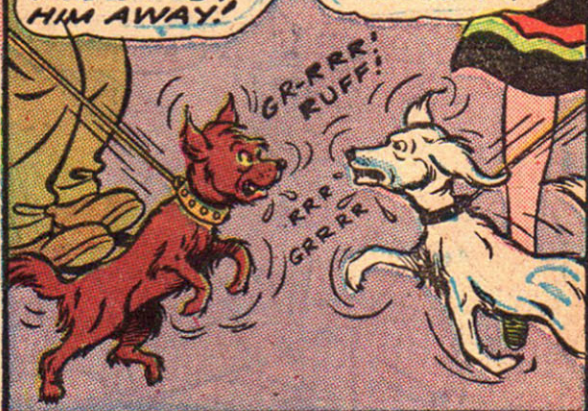
GOOD EVENING, MISS BOBBY!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT--

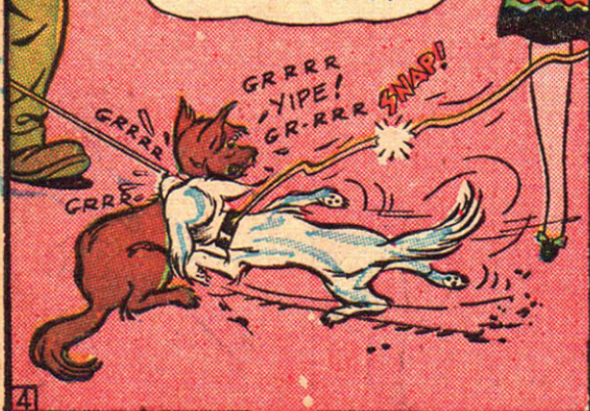
HERE! GET THAT UGLY BRUTE AWAY FROM MY CHAUCEY! GET HIM AWAY!

SOXIE! CUT IT OUT! I'M IN ENOUGH TROUBLE ALL READY!



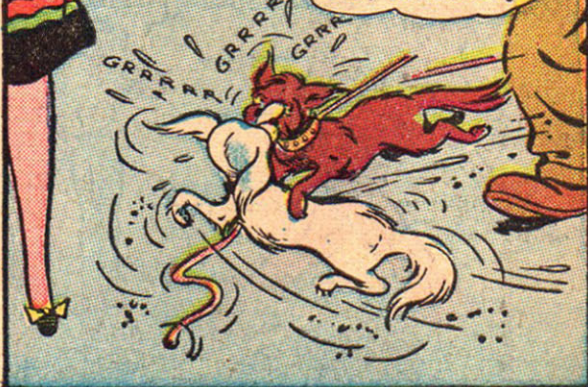
THEN-- SOXIE'S LEASH SNAPS ----

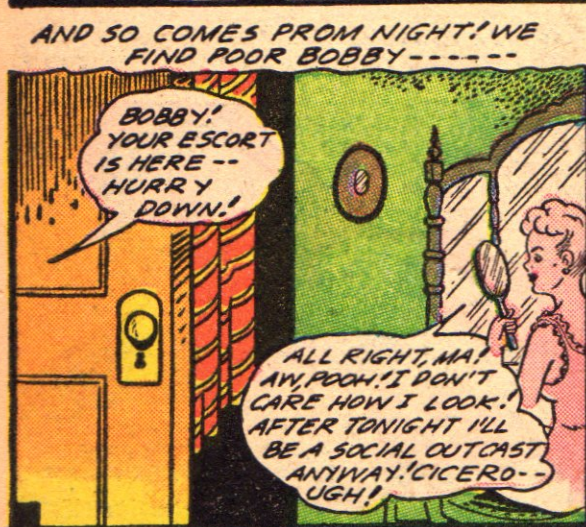
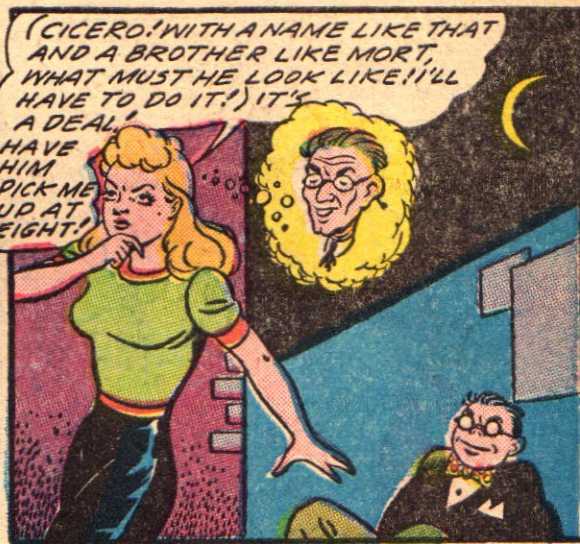
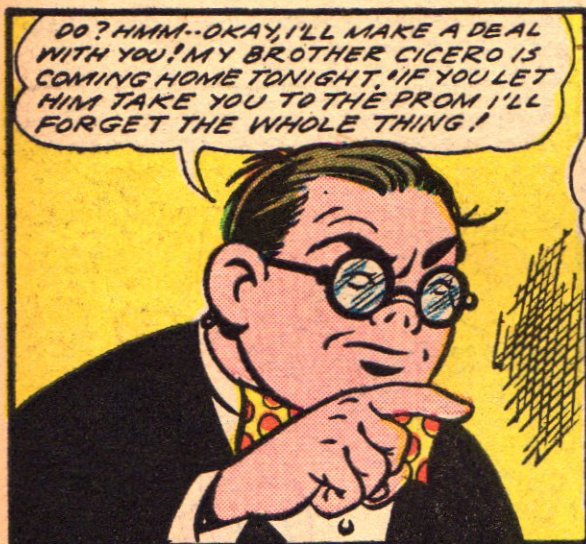
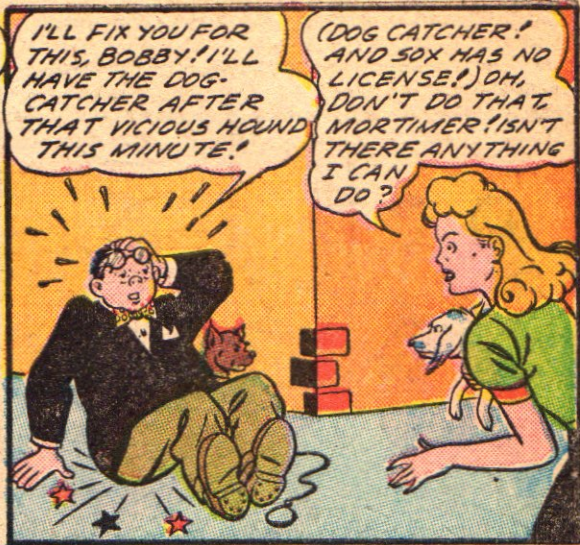
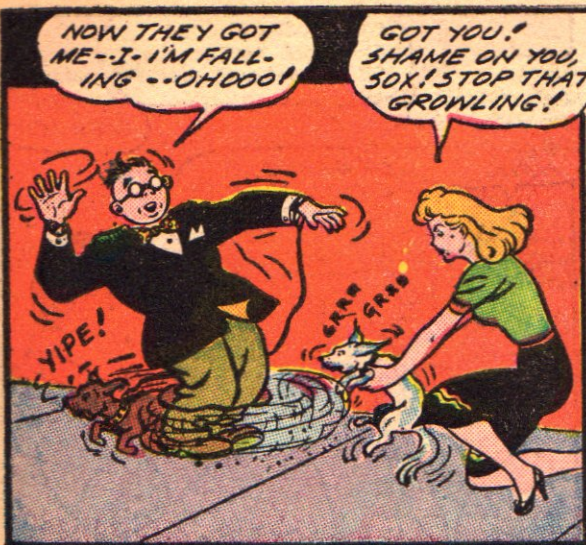
HE'S LOOSE! DON'T STAND THERE-- DO SOMETHING!



SOXIE! STOP IT, I SAY!

DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH MY CHAUCEY! HE'LL KILL HIM! GET HIM OFF!





THE PROM--ENTER BOBBY AND HER
BIG BEAUTIFUL MAN!

HOLY SMOKE! HERE'S
BOBBY, ED! AND LOOK
WHAT'S WITH HER,
A MARINE! BOY, SHE
SURE WASN'T FOOLING!

HUH? WHY...
WHAT---
GRRR!

BOBBY,
DARLING! YOU
LOOK LOVELY--
SO GLAD YOU'RE
HERE!

OH, AREN'T YOU
GOING TO INTRODUCE
US TO YOUR DATE?

VERY
PLEASED!

GLADLY!
CICERO, THESE
ARE A FEW, ER--
CLASSMATES
OF MINE!

SHALL WE DANCE,
BOBBY? THE FLOOR
NEEDS A REALLY
PRETTY GIRL!

I'D LOVE IT!
SCUSE US,
GALS!

WHAT A
MAN!

WHAT AN EVENING! BOBBY AND CICERO GO
OVER LIKE THE ATOMIC BOMB--AND
EDDIE IS GOING FRANTIC-- FINALLY---

SHE'S JUST TRYING TO MAKE ME
JEALOUS! NOT ME, THOUGH! THAT LUG'LL
BREAK HER HEART! HEY! I CAN'T
LET THAT HAPPEN! I'LL FOR-
GIVE HER FOR THE
OTHER DAY--
CUT!

OH,
EDDIE!

ER, BOBBY, ABOUT
THE OTHER DAY--
I'D LIKE TO SEE
YOU SOMETIME
AND EXPLAIN,
ER---

WHY, EDDIE,
THAT'S WONDER-
FUL! I FORGIVE
YOU FOR EVERY-
THING! CALL ME IN
THE MORNING!

SO ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL!
MEANWHILE LET'S LOOK IN ON A COUPLE
OF SILENT PARTNERS IN THIS ESCAPE--

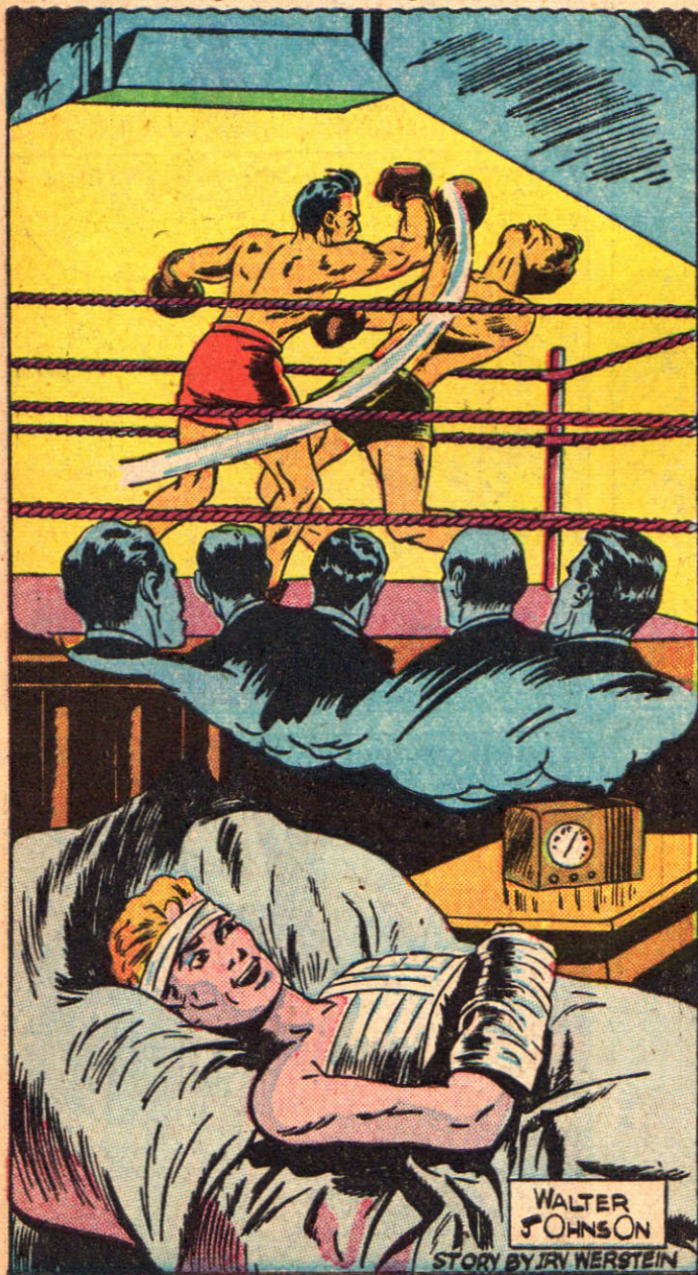
OH QUIT THAT LICK-
ING! IF I KNEW I'D
GET STUCK WITH
YOU I'D HAVE
LEARNED TO
DANCE!

HUH! HE
DOESN'T TASTE
TOO BAD AT THAT!

SEE BOBBIE & SOX IN NEXT 'LUCKY'!!

POT O' GOLD

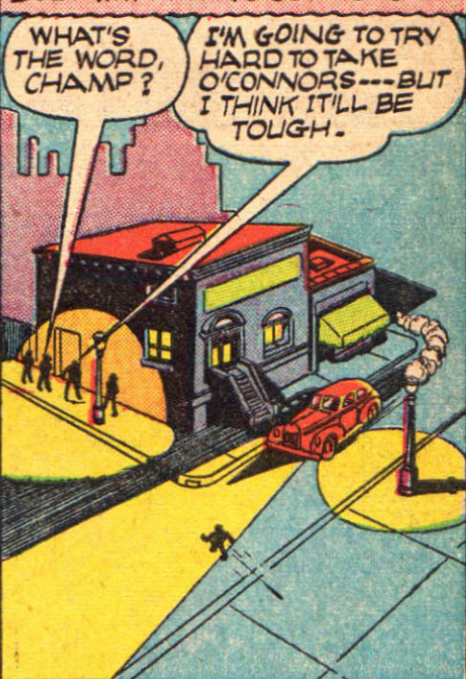
BILL HARRIS, WORLD'S LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION FIGHTS FOR A LIVING. HE USES HIS FISTS TO EARN HIS KEEP, BUT HIS HEART GUIDES HIM WHEN AN ORPHAN KID COMES INTO HIS LIFE ----

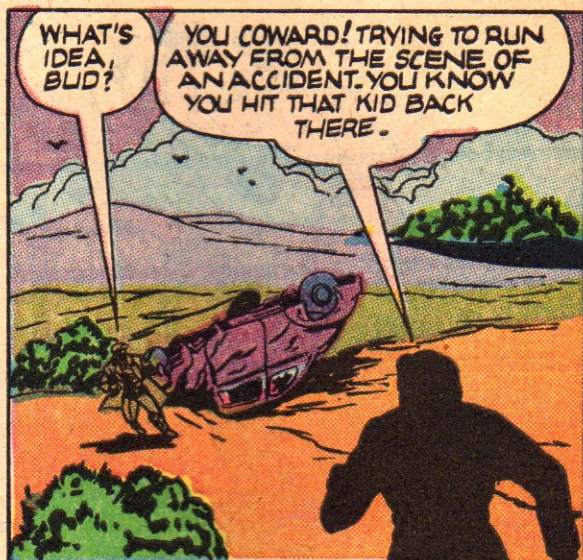
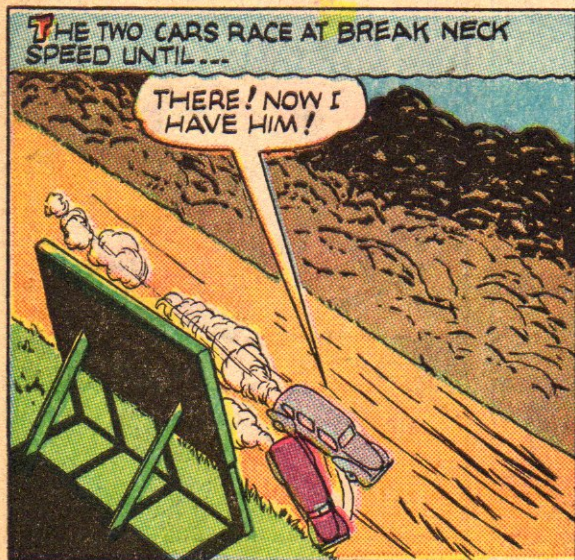
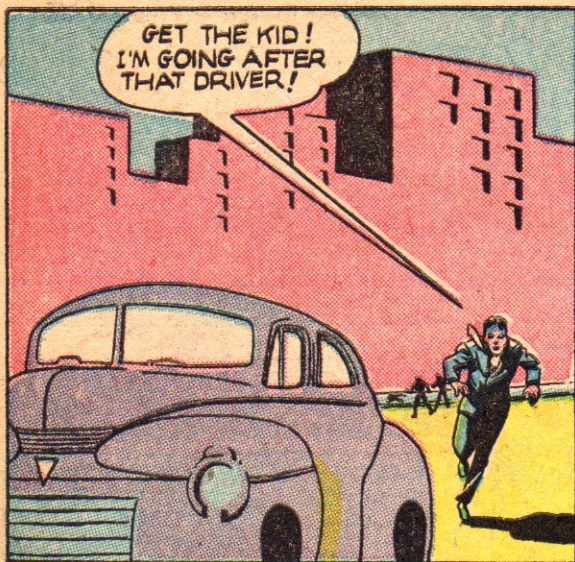


WALTER JOHNSON

STORY BY IRV WERSTEIN

BILL HARRIS IS LEAVING THE GYM AFTER TRAINING FOR HIS BOUT WITH TIGER O'CONNORS ----





THIS IS FOR
YOU--
SNOOPER!

HIGH AND
OUTSIDE!

NOW IT'S
MY
TURN!

OOF!

HERE'S ANOTHER
ONE FOR YOU.

UMPH!

AND THIS ONE PUTS
OUT THE LIGHTS!

I'LL GET THIS MUGG
BACK TO THE
POLICE.

FINE WORK,
MR. HARRIS...
YOU'LL FIND THE
BOY AT CITY
HOSPITAL.

I'M GOING RIGHT
OVER THERE AND SEE
IF THERE'S ANYTHING
I CAN DO FOR THE
LITTLE FELLOW.

AT CITY HOSPITAL...

T-THE NURSE SAYS
YOUR BILL HARRIS,
THE FIGHTER.

THAT'S WHO
I AM
KID.



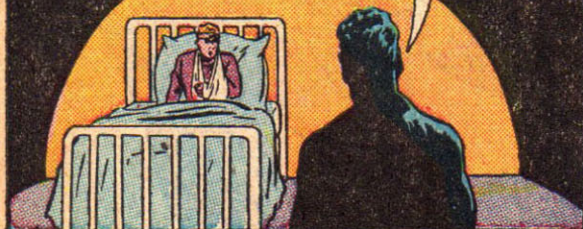
BILL---ARE YOU
GONNA BEAT THAT
TIGER
O'CONNORS?

I'M SURE
GOING TO TRY
HARD,
KID.



BILL...SATURDAY NIGHT--
WHEN YOU FIGHT TIGER--
IS MY BIRTHDAY-- AND
DO YOU KNOW WHAT
I WANT FOR A PRE-
SENT MORE THAN
ANYTHING IN THE
WHOLE WORLD?

ANYTHING AT
ALL KID--
Y'KNOW
SINCE I
FOUND OUT
THAT YOU ARE
AN ORPHAN-- I
KINDA FEEL RE-
SPONSIBLE FOR YOU.
YOU NAME ANYTHING--
AND I'LL GET IT FOR
YOU IF I CAN.



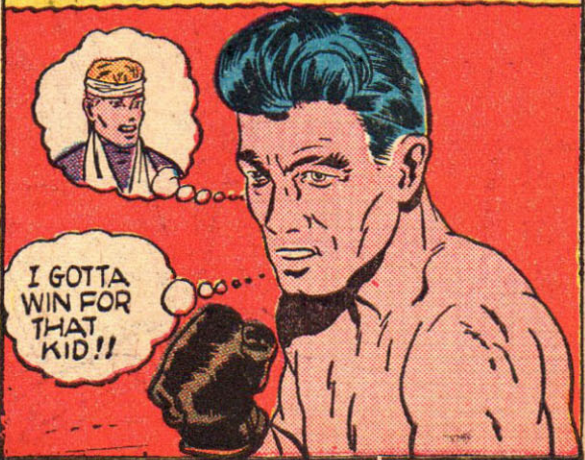
THE BEST BIRTHDAY PRESENT
IS FOR YOU TO BEAT TIGER-- THAT'S
WHAT I WANT MOST.



OKAY, KID-- I'LL
DELIVER THAT PRESENT--
ALL WRAPPED UP--



SATURDAY NIGHT--- BEFORE A CAPACITY
CROWD, BILL HARRIS RISKS HIS TITLE A-
GAINST TIGER O'CONNORS-----



I GOTTA
WIN FOR
THAT
KID!!

AT THE BELL THE CHAMP TEARS INTO THE STARTLED CHALLENGER WITH BOTH FISTS



I'M GOING TO MAKE THIS SHORT AND SWEET.

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS! THE CHAMP IS A VERITABLE WILD MAN!! LEFTS AND RIGHTS ARE POURING INTO O'CONNORS! HE'S GOING DOWN... AND HE'S OUT!!!! THE WINNER AND STILL CHAMP-ION... BILL HARRIS!



AFTER THE FIGHT, IN THE CHAMP'S DRESSING ROOM

WHAT'S THE BIG HURRY, CHAMP?

I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT DATE THAT I MUST KEEP.



AT THE HOSPITAL

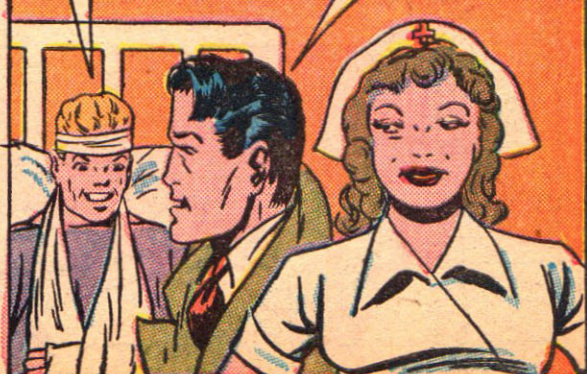
BILL! DID YOU... DID YOU WIN?

KID, I TOLD YOU I'D GIVE YOU WHATEVER YOU WANTED FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY.....

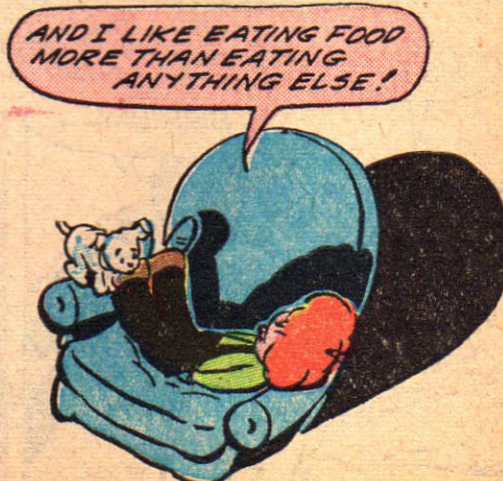
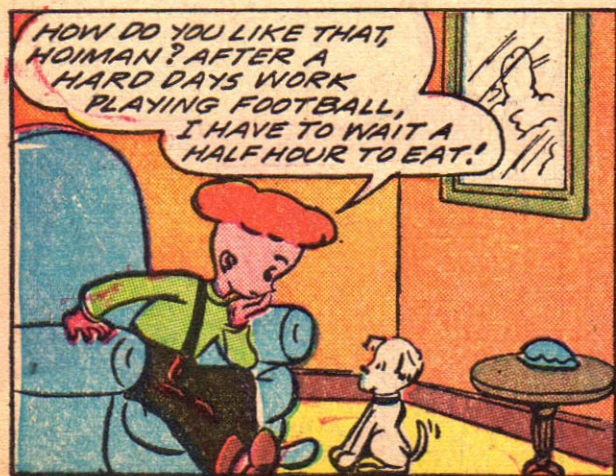
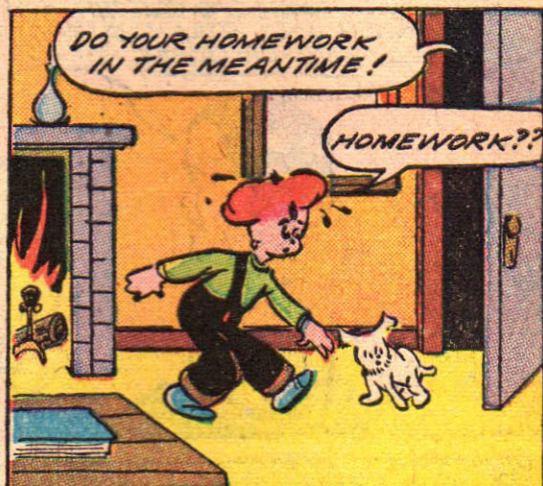
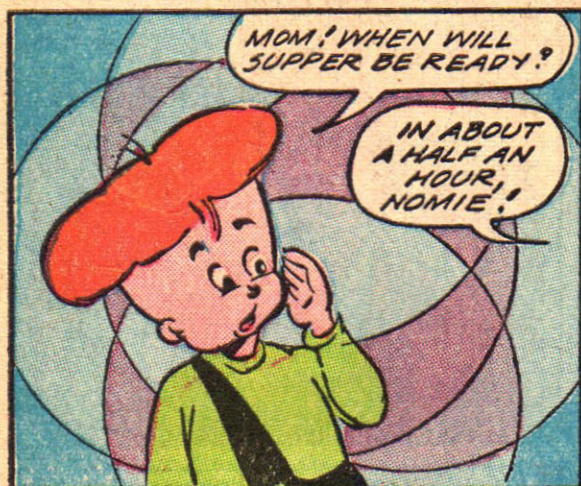
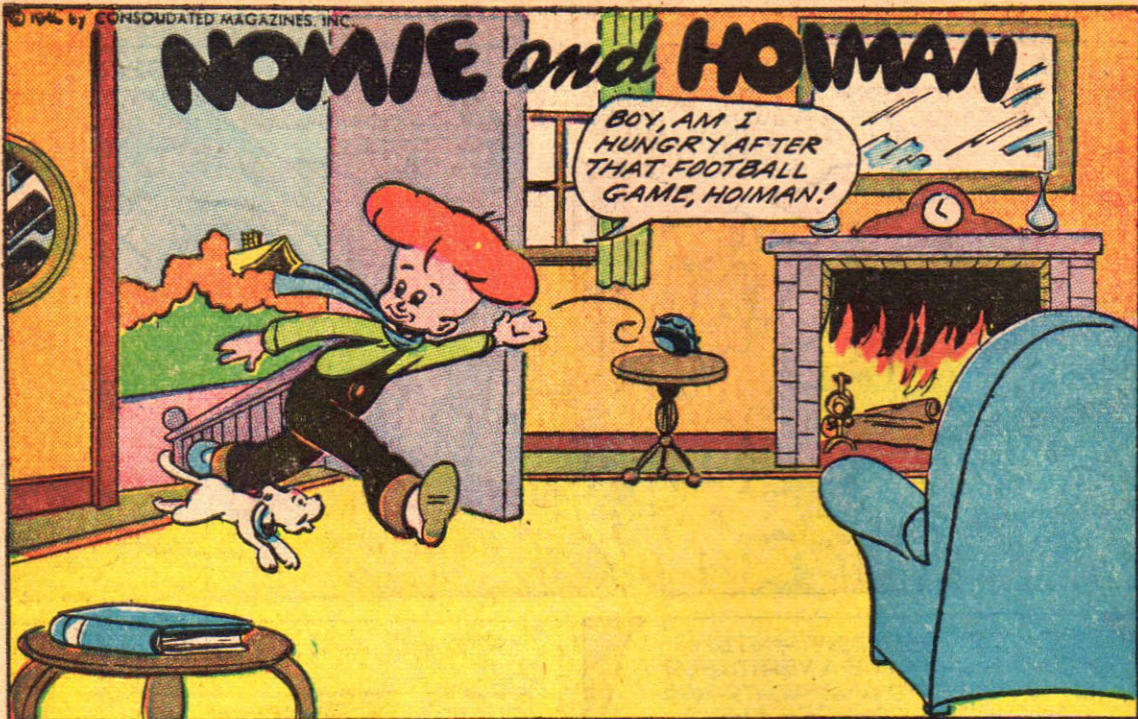


YOU WON! YOU WON!

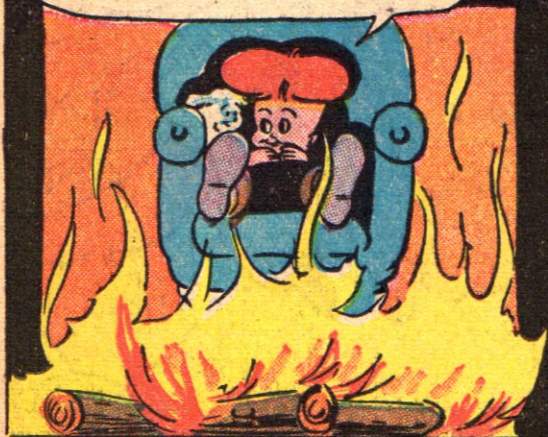
SURE--YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D FAIL YOU---- DID YOU KID? AND I'M GOING TO BE WATCHING OUT FOR YOU FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!



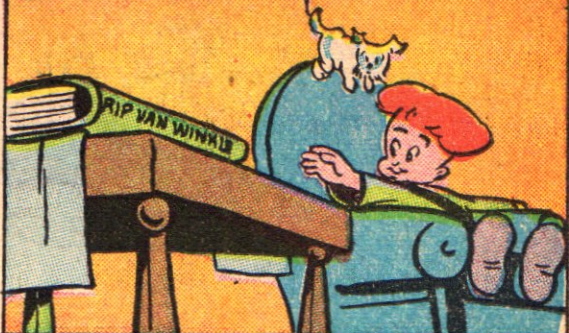
NOMIE and HOIMAN



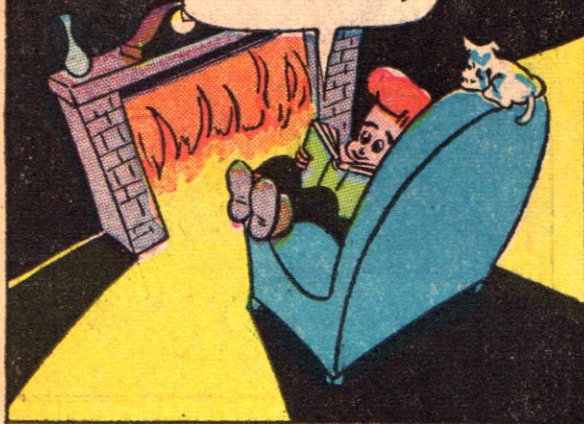
WELL, IF WE'RE GONNA WAIT FOR AWHILE--I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE IT EASY--I'LL DO MY HOMEWORK LATER!



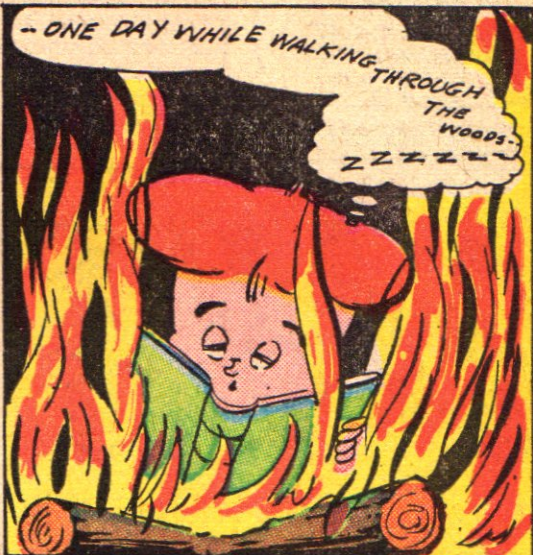
HMM--HERE IS THE BOOK ON RIP VAN WINKLE. IT'LL BE MORE FUN READING THIS THAN DOING ARITHMETIC, GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY!



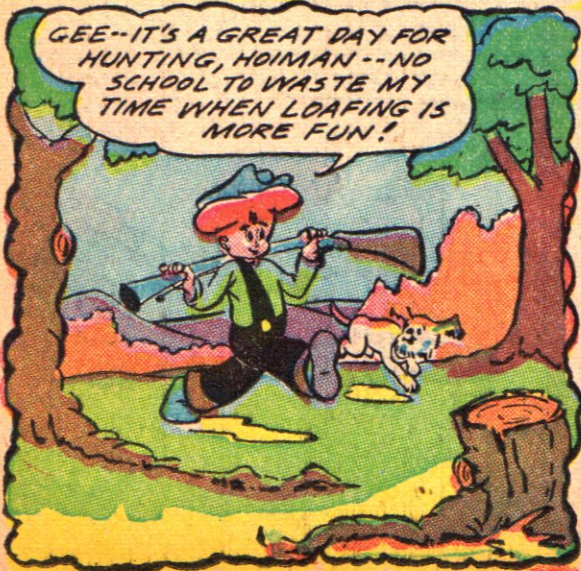
LET'S SEE NOW--RIP VAN WINKLE WAS A LAZY MAN WHO LOAFED ALL DAY--HIS DOG WAS THE ONLY COMPANION HE HAD--- (YAWN)



--ONE DAY WHILE WALKING THROUGH THE WOODS--
ZZZZZ

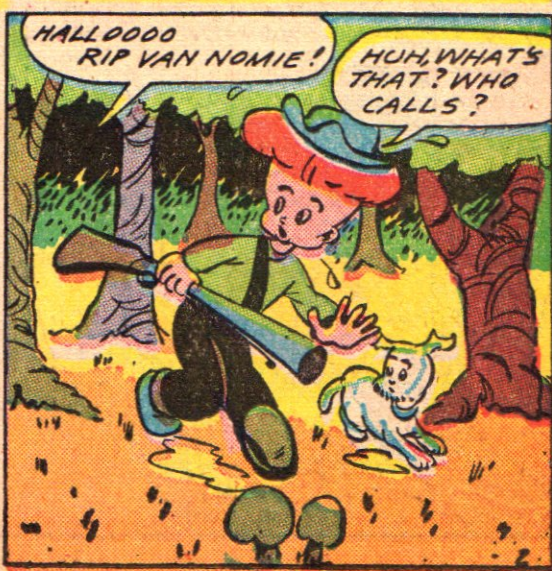


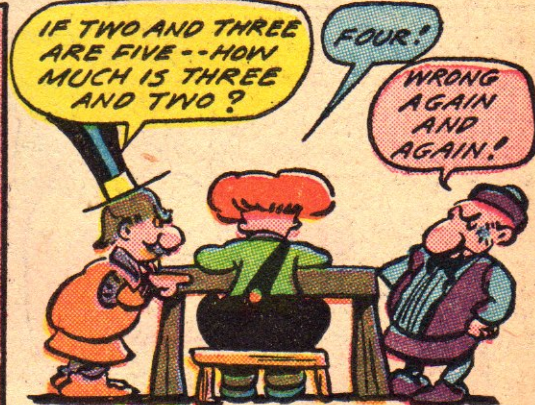
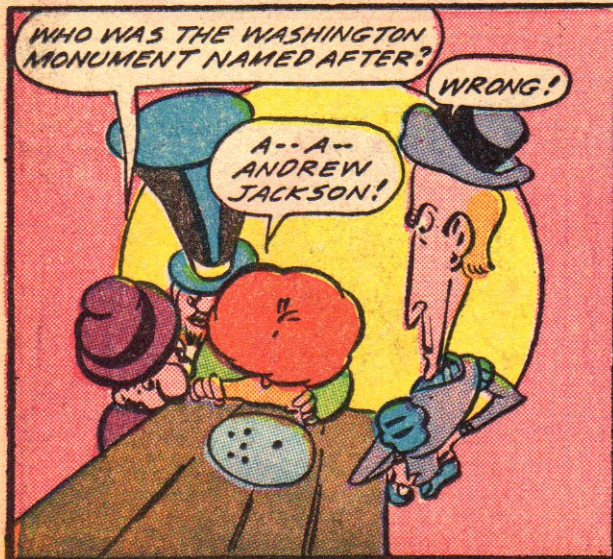
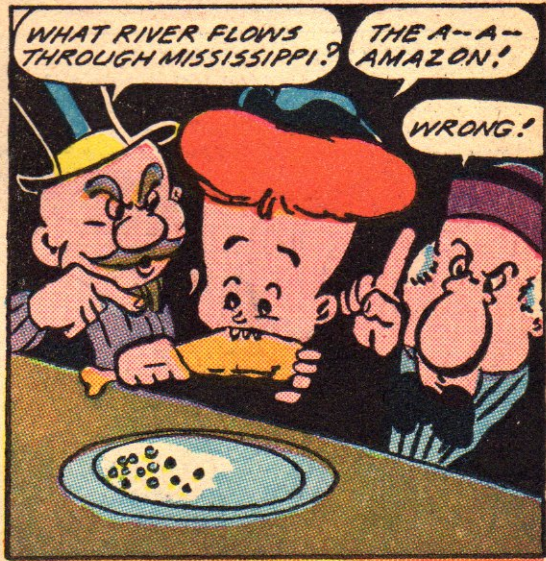
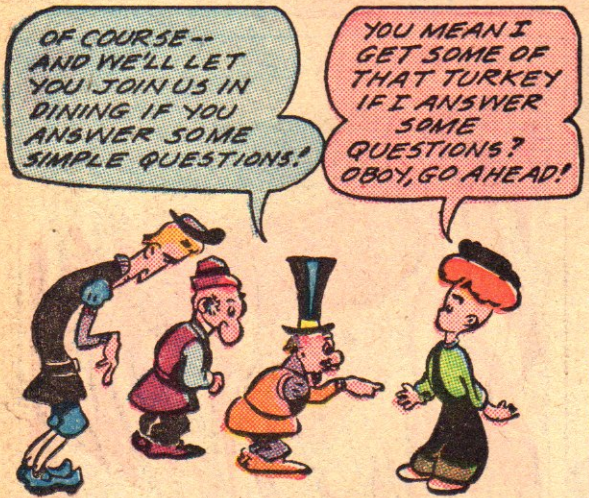
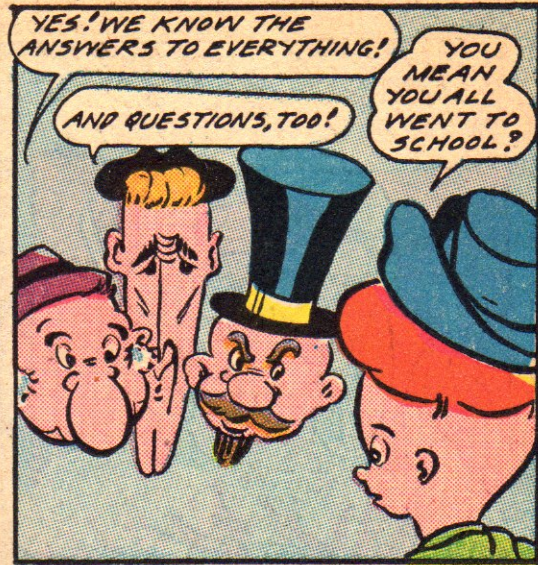
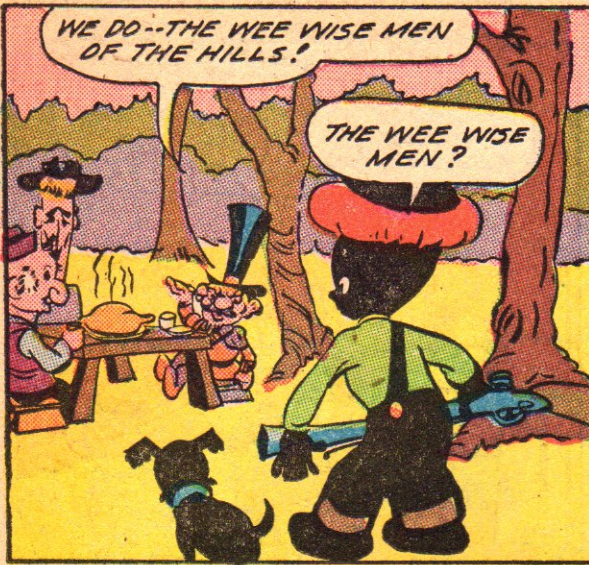
GEE--IT'S A GREAT DAY FOR HUNTING, HOIMAN--NO SCHOOL TO WASTE MY TIME WHEN LOAFING IS MORE FUN!

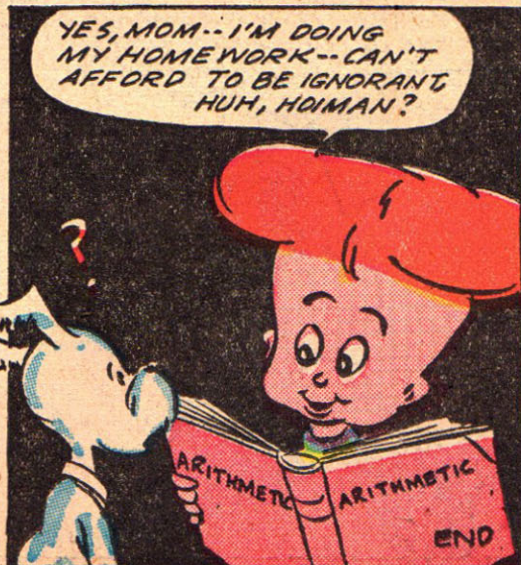
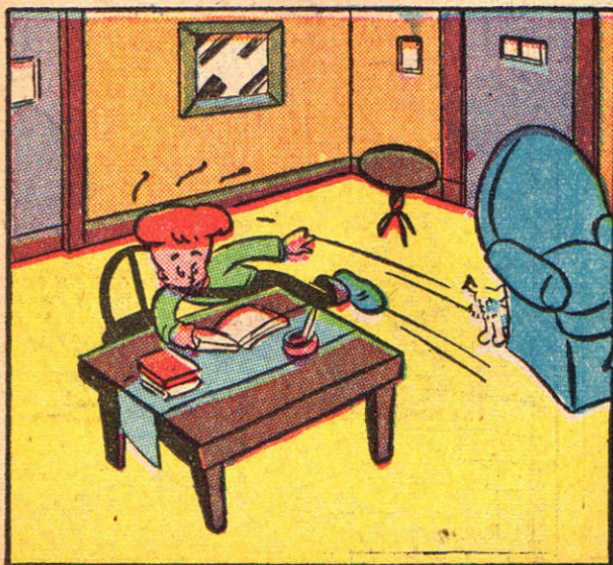
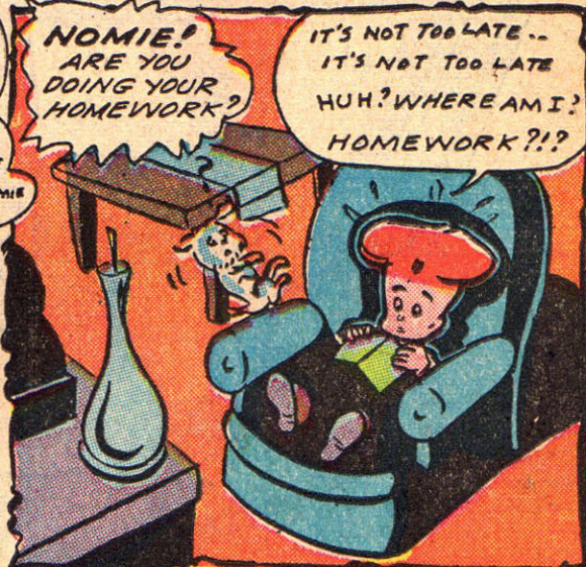
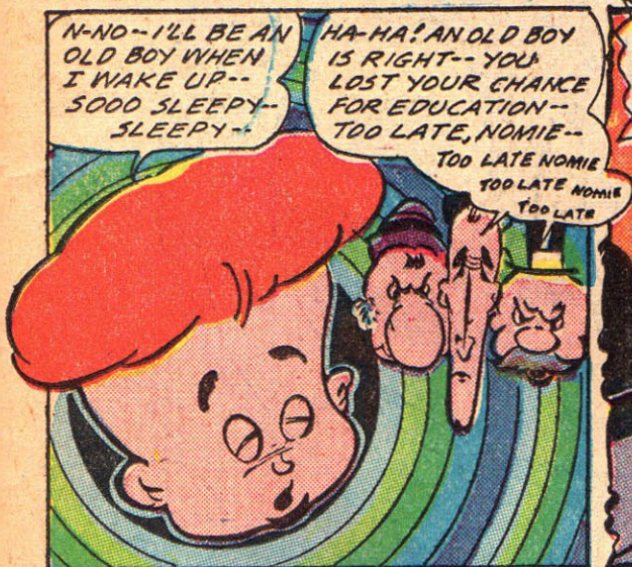
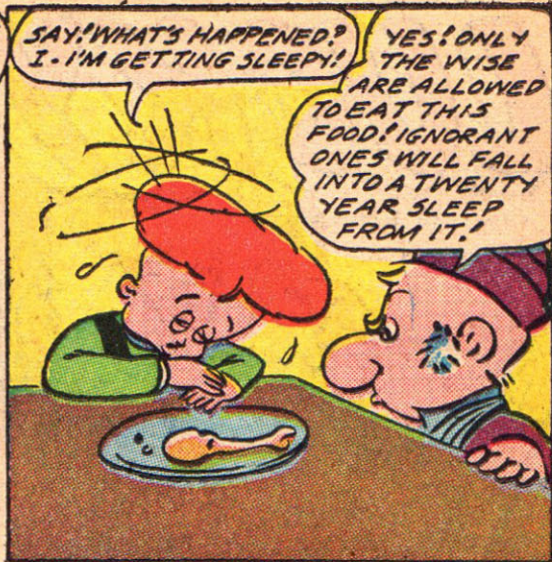
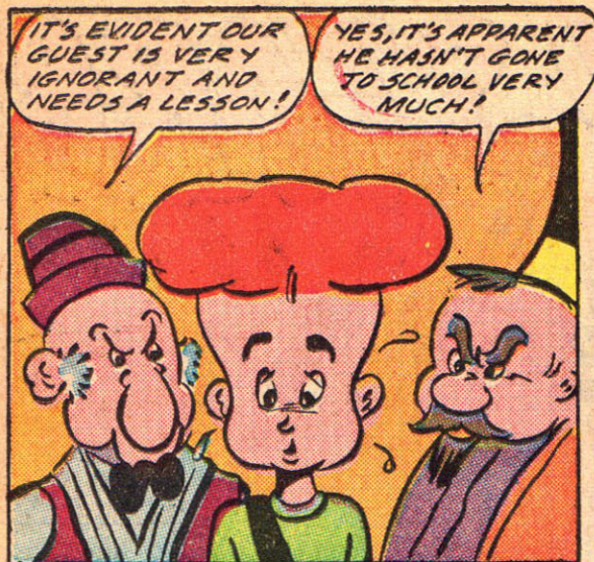


HALLOOOO
RIP VAN NOMIE!

HUH, WHAT'S THAT? WHO CALLS?

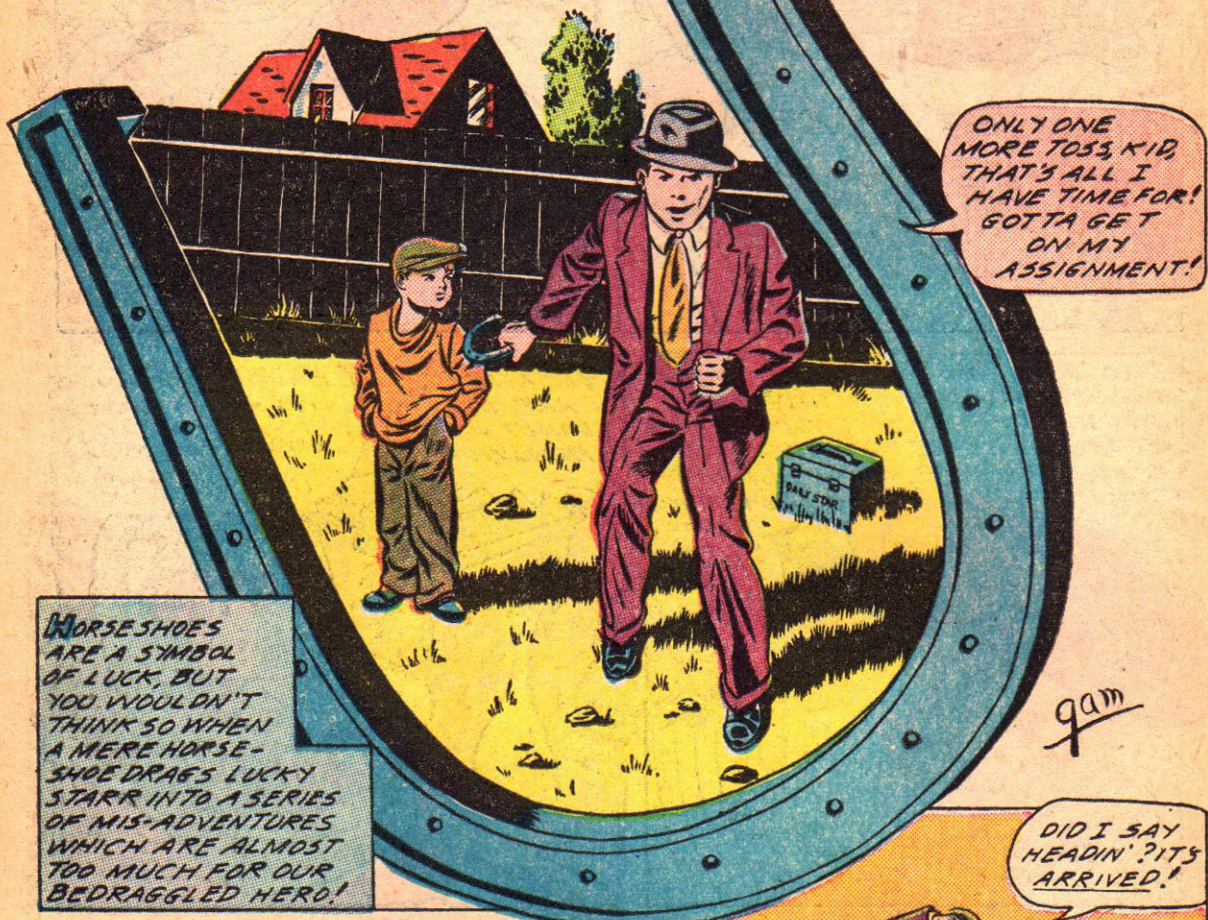




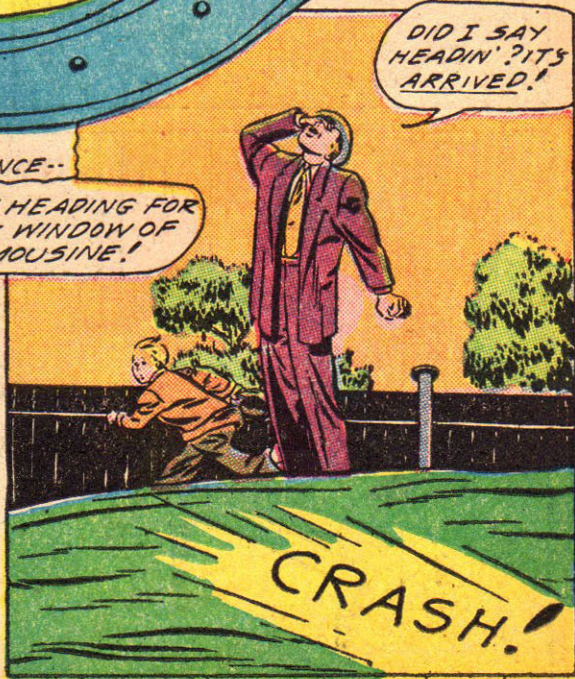
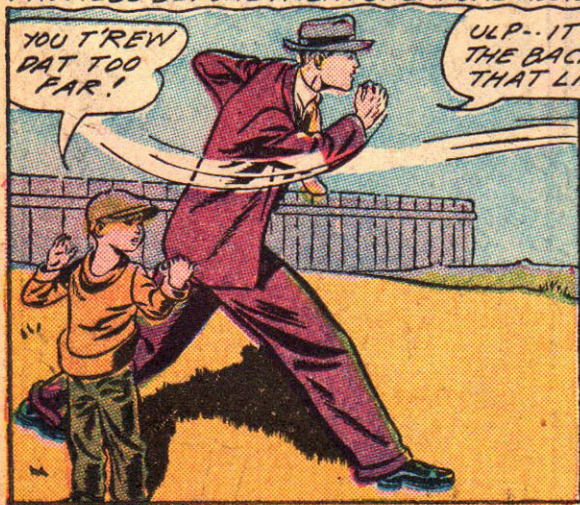


LUCKY STARR

COPYRIGHT, 1946 by CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES, Inc.



LUCKY STARR IS DISPLAYING HIS ATHLETIC PROWESS BEFORE A VERY SKEPTICAL AUDIENCE--



I DECLEAH! VEDDY VEDDY
VULGAH--BREAKING OUAH
WINDOW WITH A HORSE-
SHOE!

BEASTLEH--
HOW
BEASTLEH!



UH--GENTLE-
MEN--I'M--UH--
TERRIBLY
SORRY!

MY
WORD--

IT'S HIS GRACE
THE DUKE!

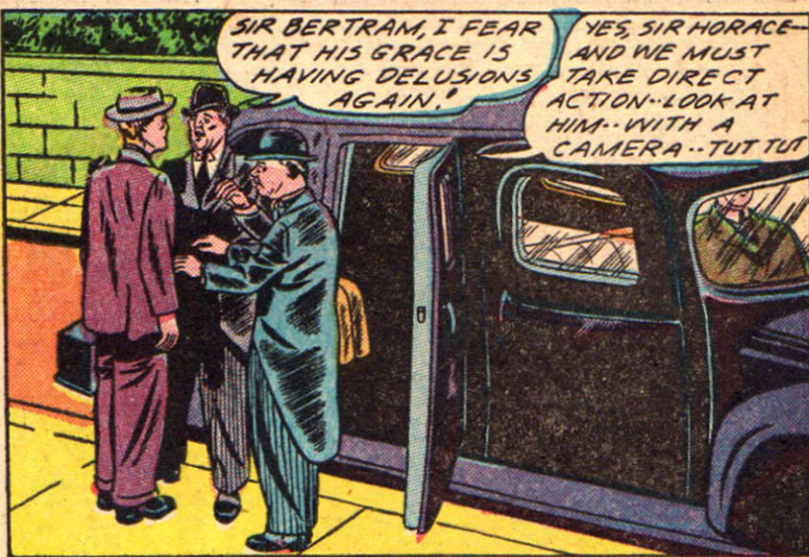


YOU GENTLEMEN ARE
MAKING A MISTAKE--
I'M LUCKY STARR--
OF THE COURIER!



SIR BERTRAM, I FEAR
THAT HIS GRACE IS
HAVING DELUSIONS
AGAIN!

YES, SIR HORACE--
AND WE MUST
TAKE DIRECT
ACTION--LOOK AT
HIM--WITH A
CAMERA--TUT TUT

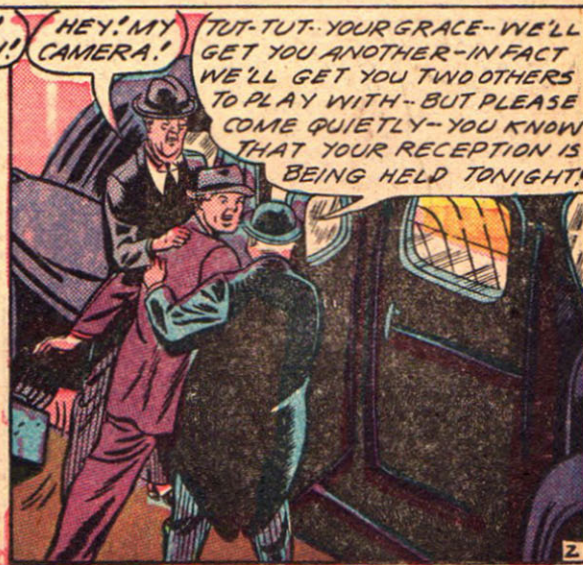
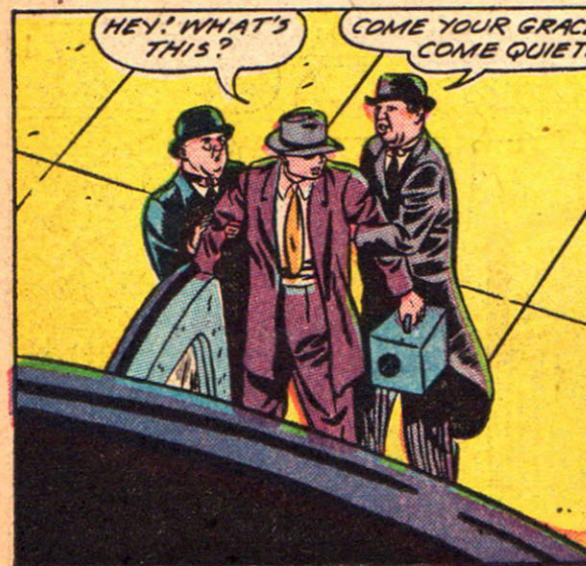


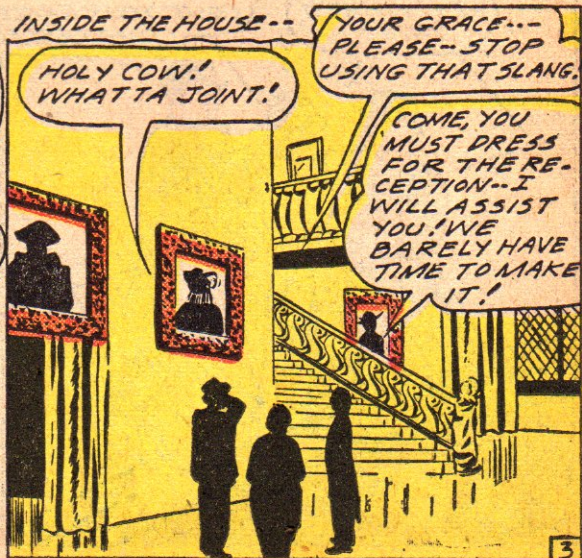
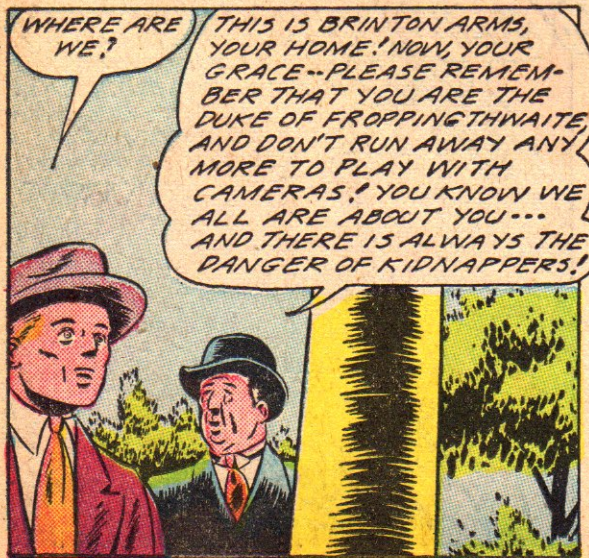
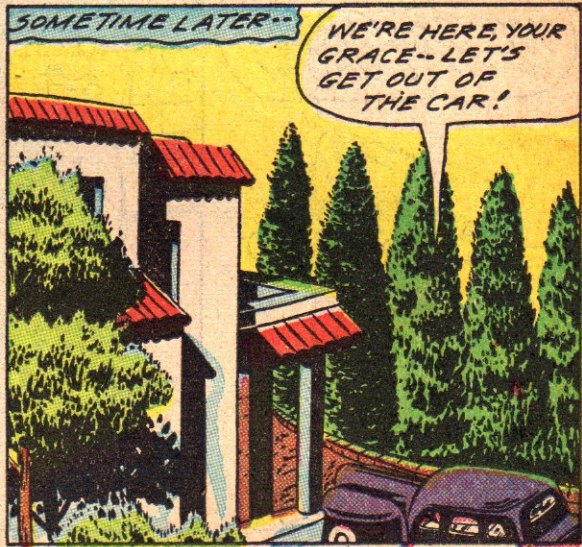
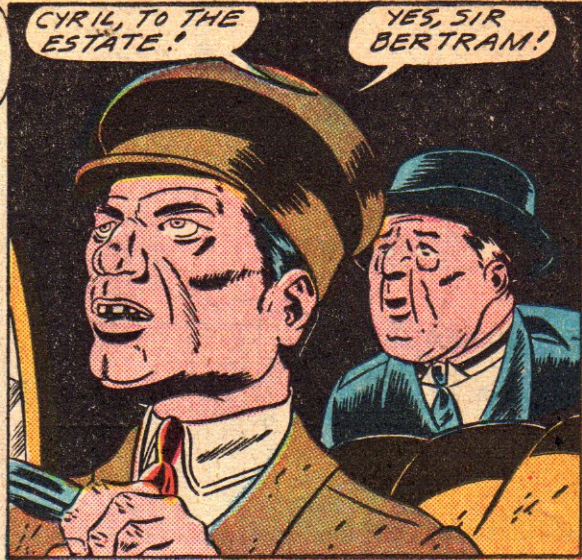
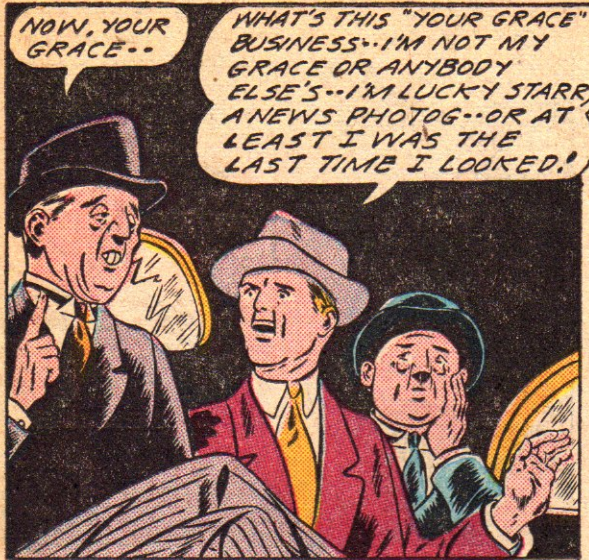
HEY! WHAT'S
THIS?

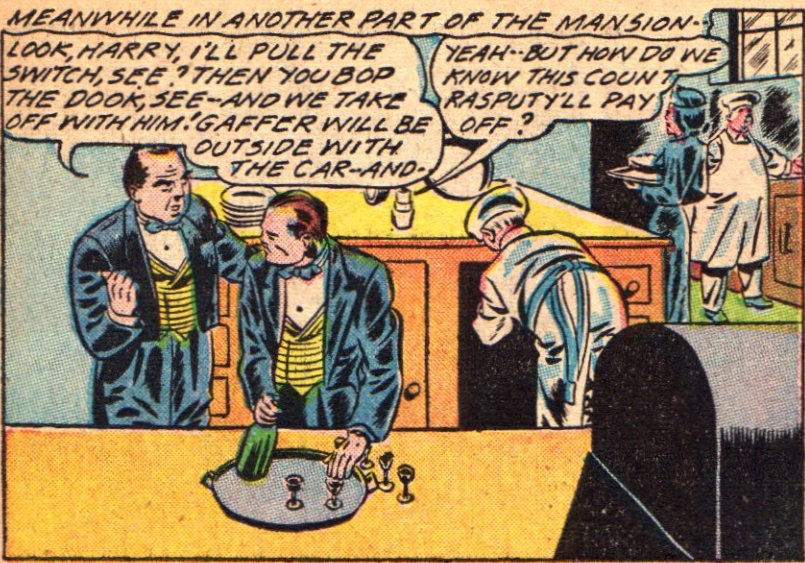
COME YOUR GRACE!
COME QUIETLY!

HEY! MY
CAMERA!

TUT-TUT--YOUR GRACE--WE'LL
GET YOU ANOTHER--IN FACT
WE'LL GET YOU TWO OTHERS
TO PLAY WITH--BUT PLEASE
COME QUIETLY--YOU KNOW
THAT YOUR RECEPTION IS
BEING HELD TONIGHT!





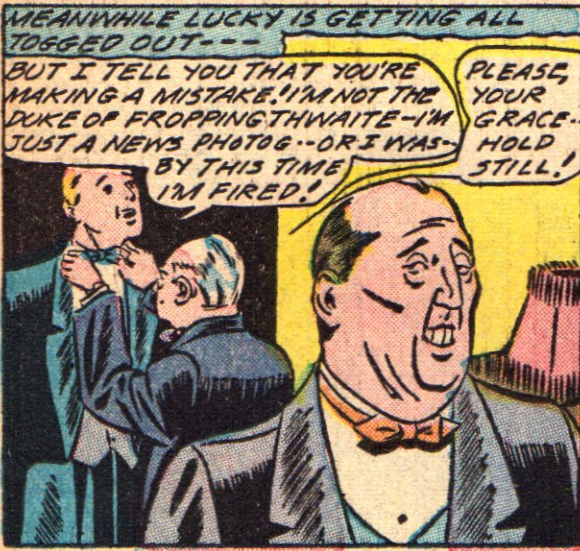
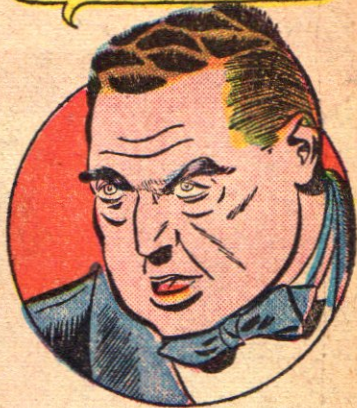


MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE MANSION--

LOOK, HARRY, I'LL PULL THE SWITCH, SEE? THEN YOU BOP THE DOOR, SEE--AND WE TAKE OFF WITH HIM! GAFFER WILL BE OUTSIDE WITH THE CAR--AND--

YEAH--BUT HOW DO WE KNOW THIS COUNT RASPUTY'LL PAY OFF?

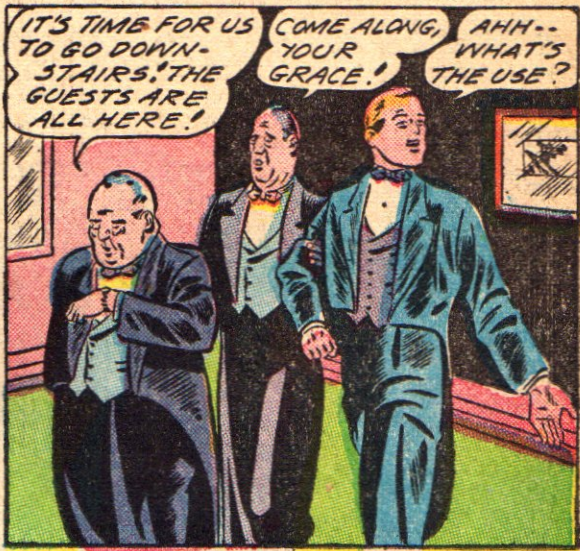
DON'T WORRY! GAFFER ATTENDED TO DAT, ALREADY--HE GOT A BIG DEPOSIT!



MEANWHILE LUCKY IS GETTING ALL TOGGED OUT---

BUT I TELL YOU THAT YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE! I'M NOT THE DUKE OF FROPPINGTHWAITE--I'M JUST A NEWS PHOTOG--OR I WAS-- BY THIS TIME I'M FIRED!

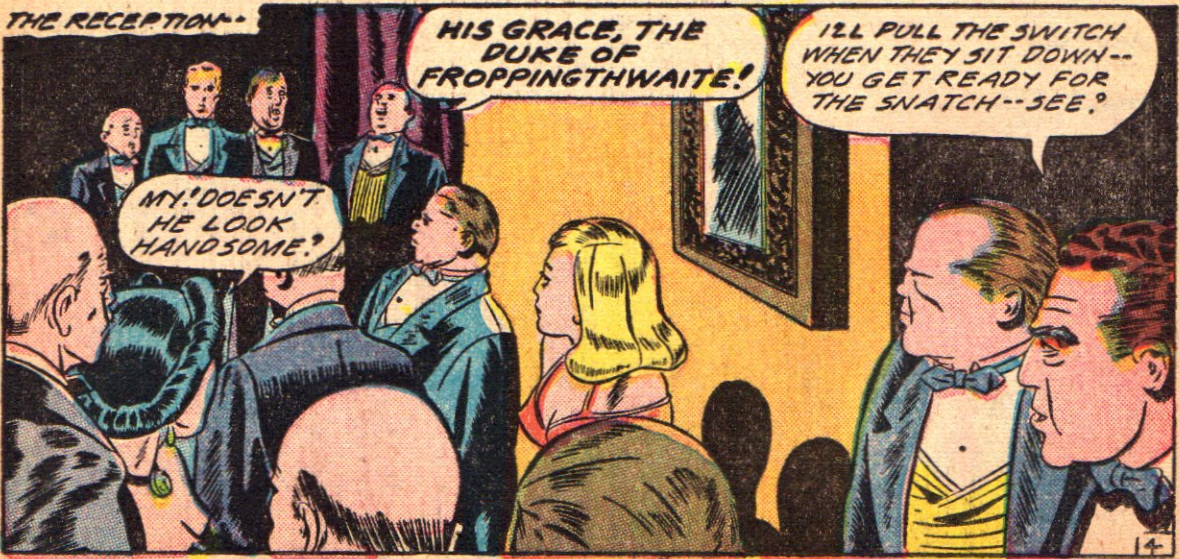
PLEASE, YOUR GRACE-- HOLD STILL!



IT'S TIME FOR US TO GO DOWN-STAIRS! THE GUESTS ARE ALL HERE!

COME ALONG, YOUR GRACE!

AHH-- WHAT'S THE USE?

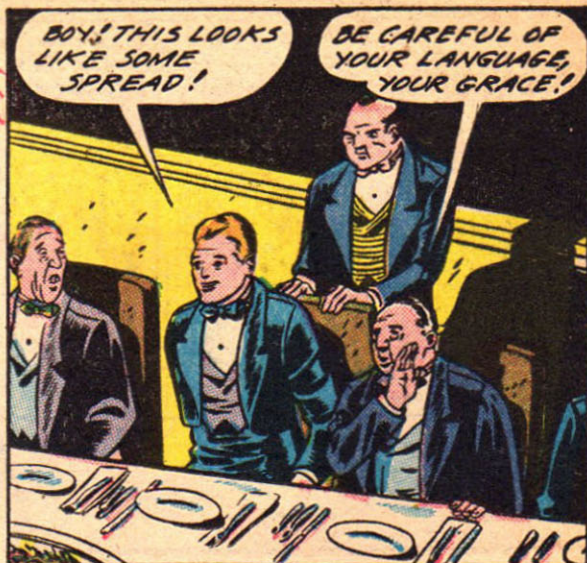
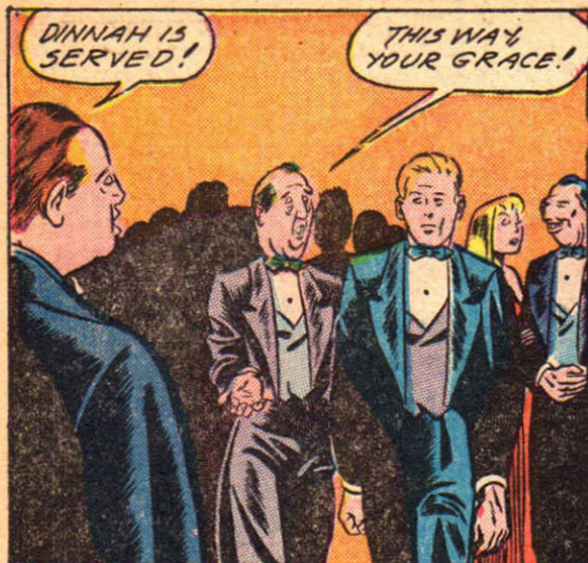


THE RECEPTION--

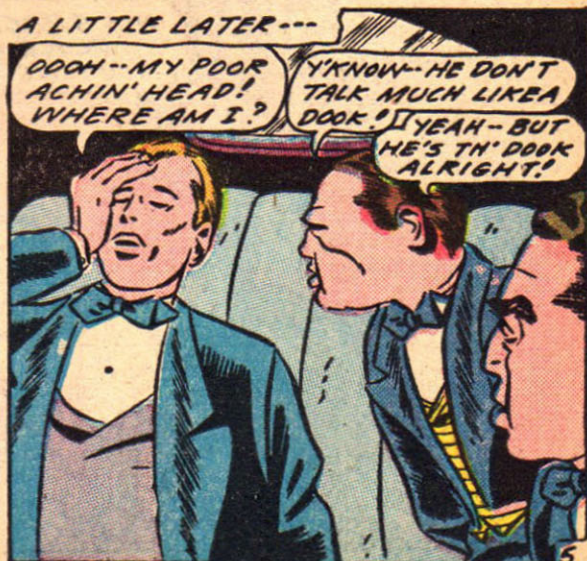
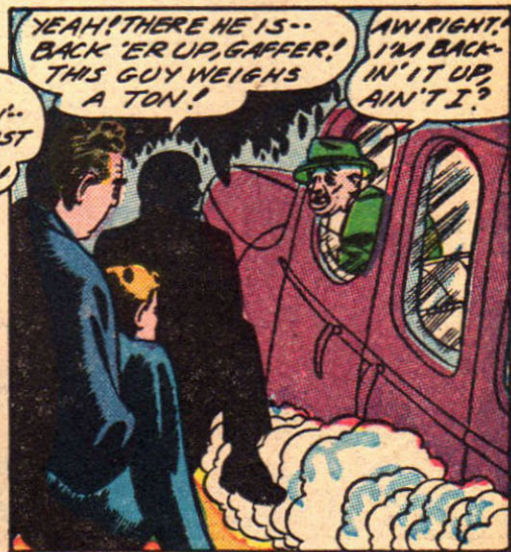
HIS GRACE, THE DUKE OF FROPPINGTHWAITE!

I'LL PULL THE SWITCH WHEN THEY SIT DOWN-- YOU GET READY FOR THE SNATCH--SEE?

MY! DOESN'T HE LOOK HANDSOME?

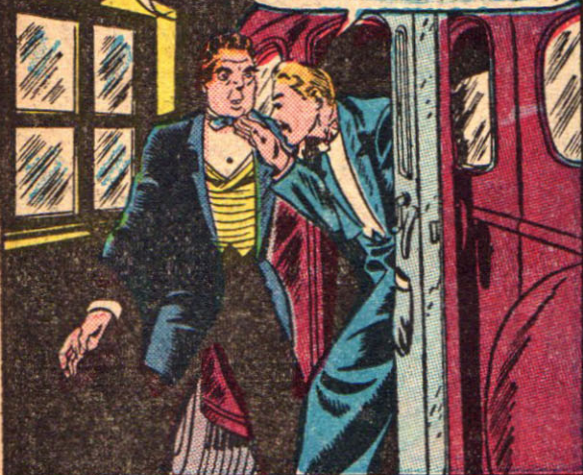


AND WHILE ALL IS CONFUSION
AT THE MANSION---



OKAY, DOOK!
MOVE OUT--

BUT I AIN'T--AM WHAT'S
THE USE? I'M NOT SURE
WHO OR WHAT I AM!



INSIDE THE HUT--

20 ZIS IS ZE WON? I DON'T
THEENK ANYONE WEEEL PAY
10,000 DOLLARS RANSOM
FOR HEEM--NOT BY LOOKING
AT HEEM ANYWAY--YOU--
ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVE--ON
ZE RIGHT ARM! I WANT
TO BE SURE I GET ZE
CORRECT MAN!

MY RIGHT
SLEEVE?
GEEZ, THIS
IS A TOUGH
LOOKING
BIRD! HE
GIVES ME
THE CREEPS!



HE'S THE RIGHT
ONE, COUNT
RASPUTY, DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
THAT!

SILENCE, PEEG!
I WEEEL LOOK
FIRST!



FOOLS! THEES EES NOT
THE MAN! HE HAS NOT ZE
STRAINBERRY BIRTH MARK!
THROW HEEM OUT, I WEEEL
ATTEND TO YOU LATER, YOU
WERE TO MAKE SURE HE
BORE THE MARK OF THE
FROPPINGTHWAITES!

B. BUT
COUNT--
WE--
WE--

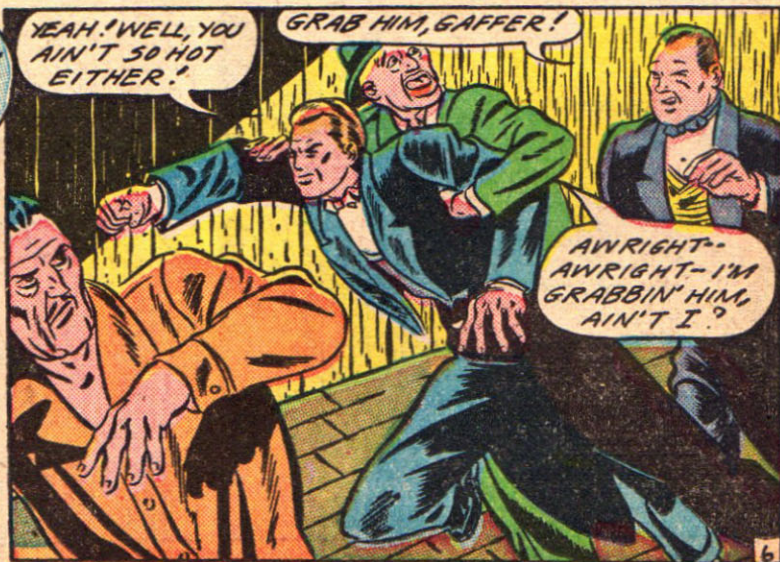


I WANT NO EXPLANATIONS--
THROW THEES MAN OUT!
I CANNOT BEAR TO
LOOK AT HIM! HE
DISGOSTS ME!



YEAH! WELL, YOU
AIN'T SO HOT
EITHER!

GRAB HIM, GAFFER!



AWRIGHT--
AWRIGHT--I'M
GRABBIN' HIM,
AIN'T I?

OOE! FOR A GUY WHO STARTED OUT ON A ROUTINE ASSIGNMENT, I GET INTO THE DARDEST PLACES!

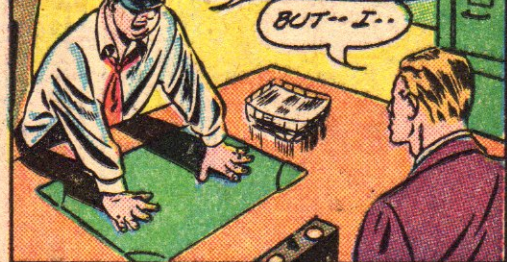


LATER--
GOSH IT'S WET!
WHAT'LL I TELL
THE BOSS TO--
MORROW?



THE NEXT DAY-- LUCKY DOESN'T
TELL THE BOSS A THING-- HE
GETS TOLD---

A FINE ALIBI-- MISTAKEN FOR A
DUKE AND KIDNAPPED! I'LL BET!
IT'S ALL OVER THE PAPERS NOW!
IF YOU PULL ANOTHER STUNT LIKE
THIS YOU'RE FIRED! THE PRICE
OF THAT CAMERA IS DEDUCTED
FROM YOUR PAY! NOW GET OUT
OF MY SIGHT!



BUT-- I--

AT THE PRESS ROOM--



HOW'DE DO,
YOUR GRACE!

MAKE WAY FOR
FROPPINGTHWAITE,
THE DUKE!



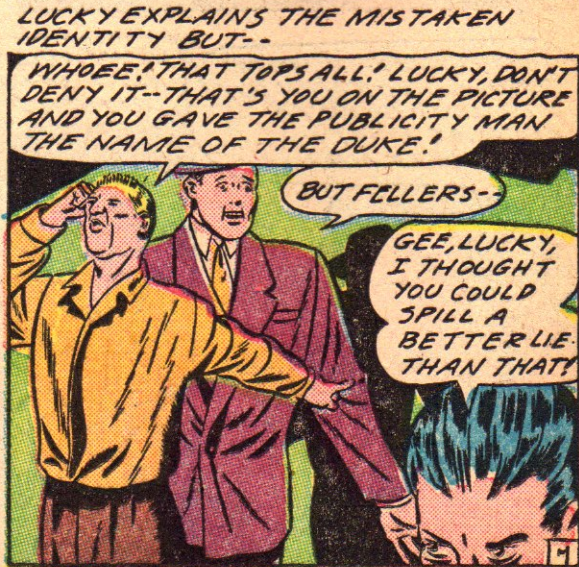
PLEASE, I'VE HAD
ENOUGH! HOW DID
YOU GUYS FIND
OUT?

HOW DID WE FIND
OUT, HE ASKS? IT'S
PLASTERED ALL
OVER THE FRONT
PAGE!



WWW! AND YOU GUYS THINK
THAT'S ME-- NO! THAT'S
THE REAL DUKE--
LEMME EXPLAIN--

DUKE OF FROPPING-
THWAITE HAS HIGH
TIME IN NIGHT
CLUB WITH
CAMERA.



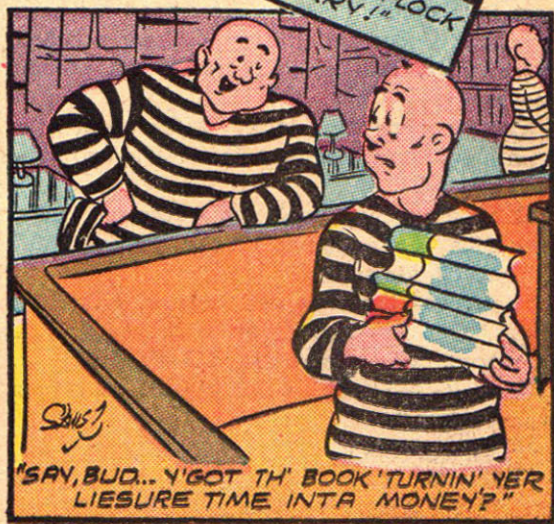
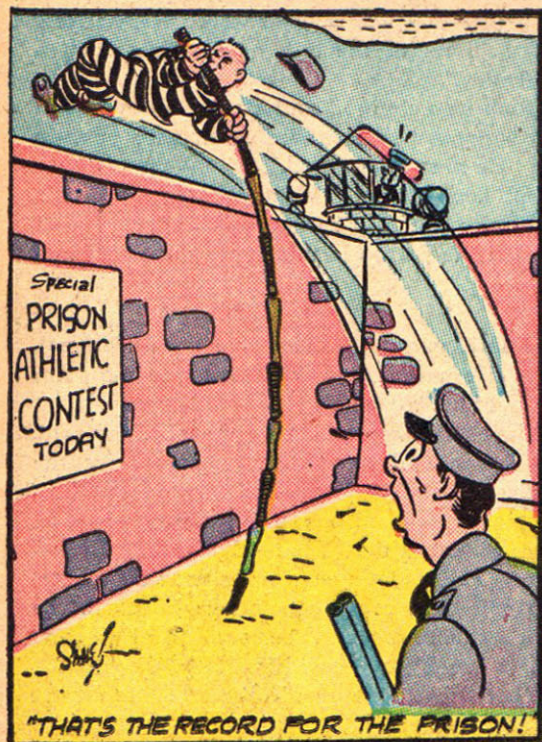
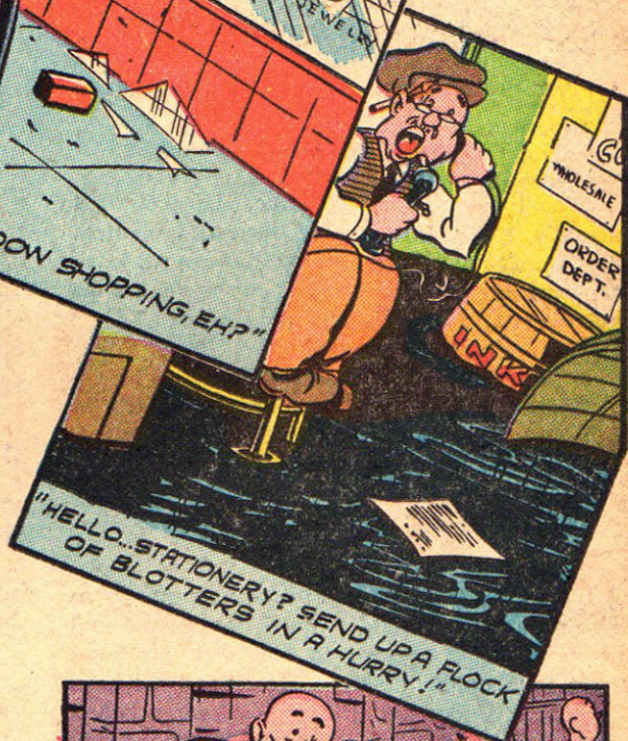
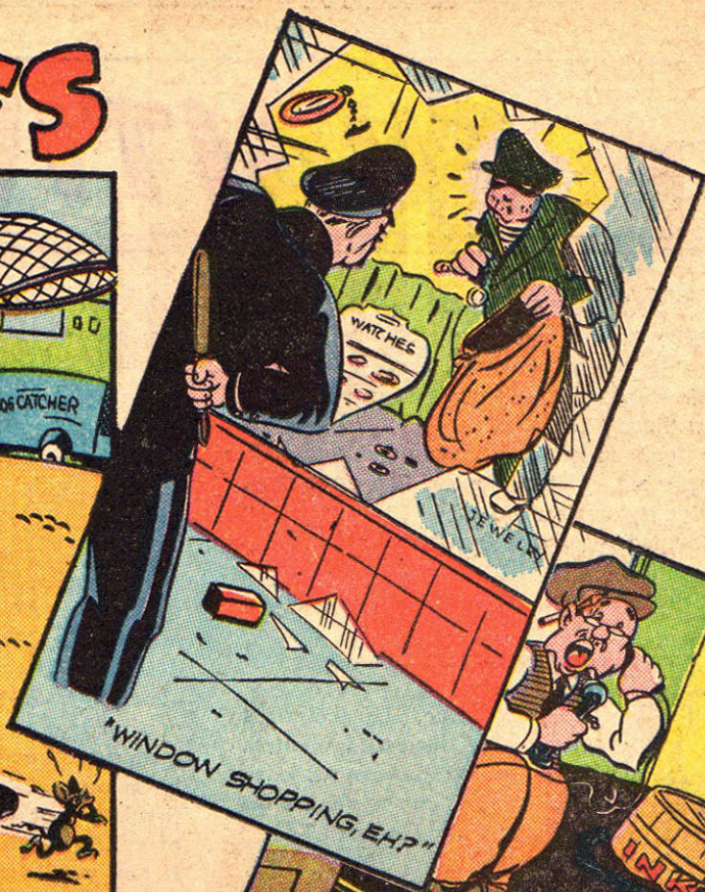
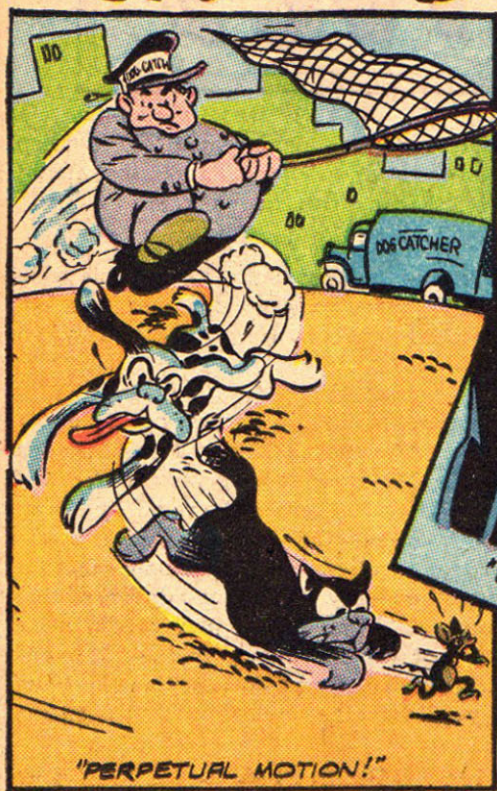
LUCKY EXPLAINS THE MISTAKEN
IDENTITY BUT--

WHOOE! THAT TOPS ALL! LUCKY, DON'T
DENY IT-- THAT'S YOU ON THE PICTURE
AND YOU GAVE THE PUBLICITY MAN
THE NAME OF THE DUKE!

BUT FELLERS--

GEE, LUCKY,
I THOUGHT
YOU COULD
SPILL A
BETTER LIE
THAN THAT!

LAFFS



The FUGITIVES

MIKE SANDERS was talking. And when Mike talked everybody listened.

"If the cops come there'll be fireworks," he threatened. "I don't go in without a fight, and that's a promise."

"Why don't we make a break for it tonight?" Tony suggested. "This dump is like a rat trap. We wouldn't stand a chance."

Mike wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"Too soon," he said. "We only took that bank day before yesterday. Wait until it cools off a bit."

Haines slouched in an easy chair, his long legs stretched out before him.

"You'll never cool off, Mike," he remarked casually. "Not until you're dead and planted. And I ain't much better off. What can we lose? At least on the outside we got a chance to make a run for it. We can move around."

"Shh—shut up a minute."

Mike's voice was a hoarse whisper.

"There is somebody coming upstairs," he warned. "And he's trying to be quiet about it. That don't look good."

"Probably one of the tenants."

"Yeah—maybe."

MIKE moved across the room as quietly as a cat. A sudden quick movement and his gun seemed to leap into his hand from its shoulder holster. He leaned his head against the door and listened. Tony watched him intently, while making sure his own weapon was handy.

The footsteps died away. Mike could hear them mounting to the next floor. The two fugitives relaxed.

"I hope a mouse don't run across the floor," said Mike. "I'm so jumpy I'd blow his head off." Tony Haines smiled.

"You need the wide open spaces, Mike," he said. "You ain't nobody to be cooped up like an animal. What do you say. Let's blow."

"No—it's too risky. I can take it for a couple of more days."

"We'll go nuts."

"I'd rather go nuts here," said Mike, "than back in jail. I can always handle a landlord, but I could never get along with no warden."

This remark was punctuated by a sharp knock on the door. Sanders and Haines stared at one another in silent, frozen fright.

THE knock was repeated. This time a trifle louder. Sanders drew his gun and approached the door. He put his left hand on the knob.

"Yeah—who is it?"

No answer. A slip of paper was pushed under the door. Mike picked it up. It contained a message for Mr. Ryan, which was the alias under which Mike had rented the room. He read aloud: 'Mr. Ryan—the party in No. 8 is aware of your true identity. He will remain quiet for a consideration—say 10 thousand dollars of that bank money. Don't try to play rough, Mike Sanders, just slip the money in the letter box of apartment No. 8 and do it within the hour. If not, you'll have an unpleasant visit from the Law.'

Mike crumpled up the paper and threw it into a corner. He was white with rage.

"I'll pay that guy a little visit," Mike swore. "And he'll regret the day he ever got such a bright idea."

"Don't be a chump," said Tony Haines. "You don't suppose he's up there waiting for you, do you? He ain't that stupid."

"But how—how—" Mike shouted. "Who is this guy? How did he get wise to us? I ain't seen a single person in this dump since we came in."

MIKE paced the floor like a wild animal. He pounded his right fist into the palm of his left hand.

"Maybe this guy won't be upstairs," he said. "But I can nail him when he comes for the dough. I'll stick a phony roll in the letter box, and plaster him all over the hallway when he comes to pick it up. Yeah—that's what I'll do."

Tony Haines let a grim smile twist his mouth. "You'll have every cop in New York in the block inside of seconds," he said. "And we can't make a break for it now because he'll see us."

"Then what?" shouted Mike. "There's gotta be some way out."

Mike glared at his friend. The veins stood

out in his neck like pieces of string. He was ready to explode.

"Are you telling me I should let this guy beat me out of 10 grand I risked my neck to get?"

Tony shrugged his shoulders.

"What else?" he remarked.

"But first," said Sanders "I'm going to satisfy my curiosity about something."

He picked up the phone and dialed a number. A few seconds pause and: "Hello—is this the Superintendent? This is Mr. Ryan in apartment 5. Do me a favor, will you? Tell me who occupies No. 8—What?—Are you—never mind—What?—Are you—never mind—thanks."

He banged the receiver on the hook.

"Mrs. Roberts and her daughter," he said. "This don't make sense."

Mike scooped up the blackmail note from the corner where he had tossed it. He read the contents rapidly.

"No dame wrote this," he growled. "This is a man's handwriting if ever I seen it"

Tony Haines appeared equally puzzled. Then he forced a short laugh and started picking at a red looking hang-nail on his left thumb.

"Well now," he began protestingly, "don't look at it that way, Mike. There ain't no such thing as a guy's handwriting and a dame's handwriting. That's why they got experts to figger it out sometimes."

He grinned foolishly and added with a wink: "Nobody oughta know that better than You."

* * * * *

SANDERS walked slowly to the heavily curtained windows. His bushy eyebrows almost met across the middle now. And that was a bad sign. It meant he was thinking, adding up, putting two and two together trying to

make four out of it. Just about now it looked like the answer was five or six. And that meant zero for somebody or other.

"You ain't in no position to say about who scrawled that note, Mike. You ain't no expert. Even they get fooled. Dames're different now than they used to be you know. Ain't that what you're griping about all the time. How different they are now to the way they used to be."

"Remember, Tony. Last night you asked a kid on the corner to get you some cigarettes. I seen you talking to him from the window. What else did you ask him to do—huh? Did you slip him a dollar to slide that note under the door?"

Tony's forehead was beady with perspiration.

"Are you crazy?" he said.

"No, Haines, I ain't crazy. I thought I seen that handwriting before. It's yours—you double dealing punk—"

His gun was out in a flash.

"That's the last fast one you'll ever pull, Tony. This time its curtains—and I mean for keeps."

There was a thunderous crash and the door was shattered from its hinges. Before Sanders could fire strong arms had battered him onto the floor. Tony Haines leaped from his chair frantically clawing for his gun. A solid smash on the jaw took all the fight out of him. The fugitives were hustled to the street and the waiting police cars. A small boy watched them come from the building.

"Hey, mister," he said to Tony Haines. "Where's the dollar for slipping that note under your door?"

But Tony wasn't talking. His jaw ached.

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of "LUCKY COMICS", published quarterly at Springfield, Mass., for October 1, 1945.

State of New York, County of New York, SS.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Joseph A. Rubinstein, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the "LUCKY COMICS" and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, J. A. Ruby, 84 William St., N. Y. 7, N. Y.; Editor, J. A. Ruby, 84 William St., N. Y. 7, N. Y.; Business Manager, Joseph A. Rubinstein, 84 William St., N. Y. 7, N. Y.
2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by

a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, the name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
Consolidated Magazines, Inc., 84 William St., N. Y. 7, N. Y.; Joseph A. Rubinstein, 84 William St., N. Y. 7, N. Y.; Jacob M. Kornfeld, 84 William St., N. Y. 7, N. Y.; Lloyd V. Jacquet, 84 William St., N. Y. 7, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) JOSEPH A. RUBINSTEIN

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1945.
(SEAL)
Charles B. Lifmänder.
(My commission expires March 30, 1946.)

JUNIOR

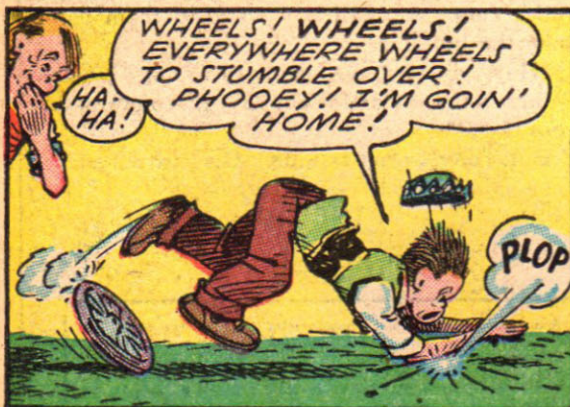
JUNIOR - JUST ANOTHER AMERICAN BOY WITH SO MUCH TO DO HE CAN'T DECIDE JUST WHERE TO START - BUT, PSHAW! WHO WANTS TO DO ANYTHING IN TH' GOOD OLD SPRING TIME? YET, ONE SHOULD BE UP AND DOING SOMETHING THESE DAYS! NOT KID GAMES - SOMETHING USEFUL! WHY, A FELLER CAN BUILD - CREATE! THAT'S TH' LIFE!

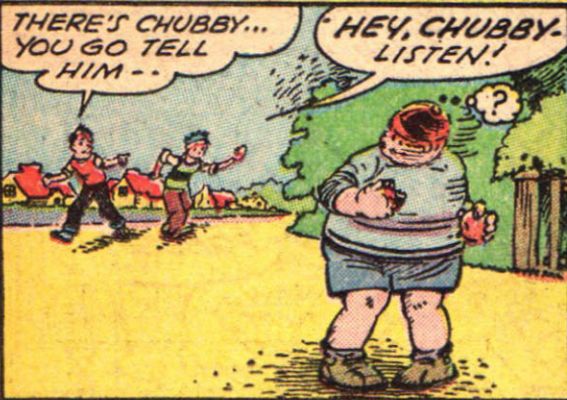
AW, HECK! I GUESS I'VE GOT SPRING FEVER!

GOSH, MUDDIE, CAN'T YOU THINK OF SOMETHING WE CAN DO?

WE MIGHT PLAY CIRCUS OR COPS AND ROBBERS!

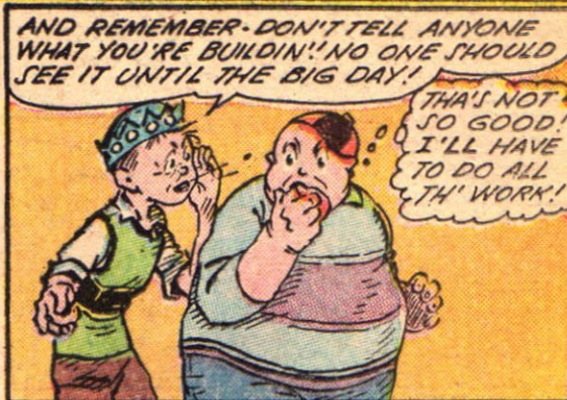
NAW, THAT'S KID STUFF!





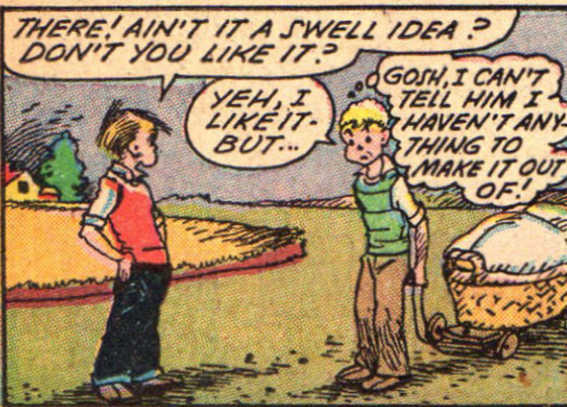
THERE'S CHUBBY... YOU GO TELL HIM --

HEY, CHUBBY- LISTEN!



AND REMEMBER- DON'T TELL ANYONE WHAT YOU'RE BUILDIN'! NO ONE SHOULD SEE IT UNTIL THE BIG DAY!

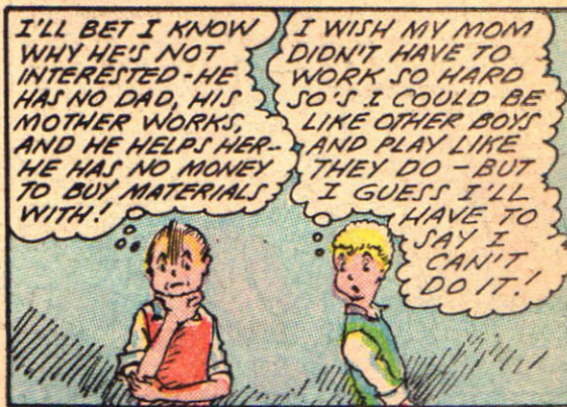
THAT'S NOT SO GOOD! I'LL HAVE TO DO ALL TH' WORK!



THERE! AIN'T IT A SWELL IDEA? DON'T YOU LIKE IT?

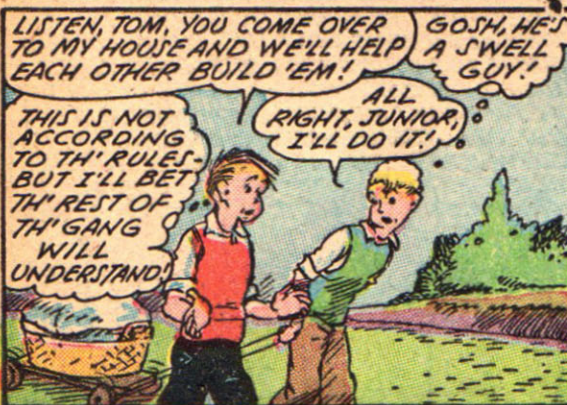
YEH, I LIKE IT- BUT...

GOSH, I CAN'T TELL HIM I HAVEN'T ANYTHING TO MAKE IT OUT OF!



I'LL BET I KNOW WHY HE'S NOT INTERESTED- HE HAS NO DAD, HIS MOTHER WORKS, AND HE HELPS HER- HE HAS NO MONEY TO BUY MATERIALS WITH!

I WISH MY MOM DIDN'T HAVE TO WORK SO HARD SO I COULD BE LIKE OTHER BOYS AND PLAY LIKE THEY DO - BUT I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SAY I CAN'T DO IT!



LISTEN, TOM, YOU COME OVER TO MY HOUSE AND WE'LL HELP EACH OTHER BUILD 'EM!

GOSH, HE'S A SWELL GUY!

ALL RIGHT, JUNIOR, I'LL DO IT!

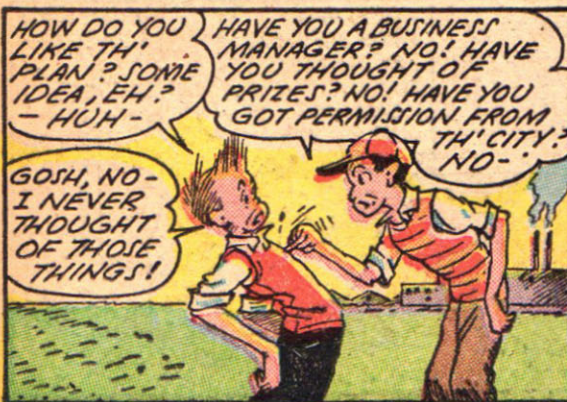
THIS IS NOT ACCORDING TO TH' RULES- BUT I'LL BET TH' REST OF TH' GANG WILL UNDERSTAND!



THERE'S JUST ONE MORE OF TH' GANG TO TELL...

HI, JUNIOR, WHAT'S COOKIN'?

LISTEN, ABBIE, I'VE SOMETHING BIG TO TELL YOU!



HOW DO YOU LIKE TH' PLAN? SOME IDEA, EH? - HUH -

HAVE YOU A BUSINESS MANAGER? NO! HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF PRIZES? NO! HAVE YOU GOT PERMISSION FROM TH' CITY? NO-

GOSH, NO- I NEVER THOUGHT OF THOSE THINGS!



BUT THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SONNY BOY! YOU JUST LEAVE IT TO LI'L OLD ABBIE- I'LL TEND TO ALL THAT FOR YOU- I'LL BE TH' BUSINESS MANAGER! SO, I WILL BE TOO BUSY TO TAKE PART IN TH' BIG EVENT!

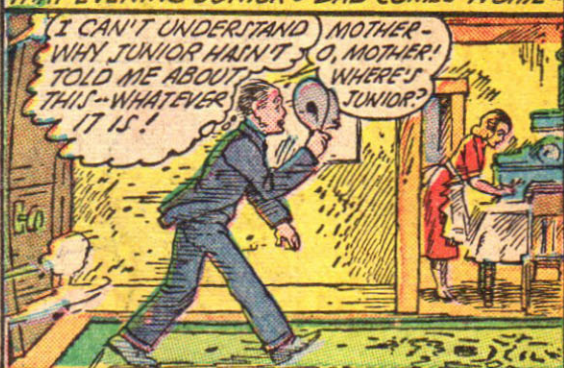
YES, ABBIE! THANKX!!

GOSH, AIN'T I DUMB? NOT THINKIN' OF ALL THESE THINGS! BUT I'LL BET ABBIE CAN HANDLE IT BETTER THAN ME!

AS DAYS PASS, THE GROWN-UPS GET CURIOUS ABOUT THE COMING "GREAT EVENT" THAT IS, ALL BUT JUNIOR'S DAD - HE HAS JUST LEARNED ABOUT IT FROM ABBIE'S POP.



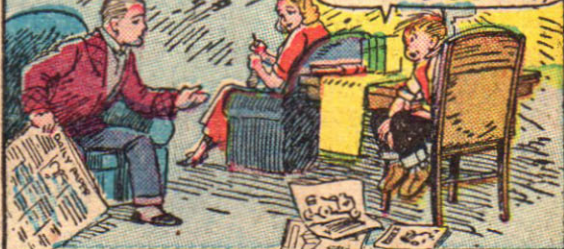
THAT EVENING JUNIOR'S DAD COMES HOME.



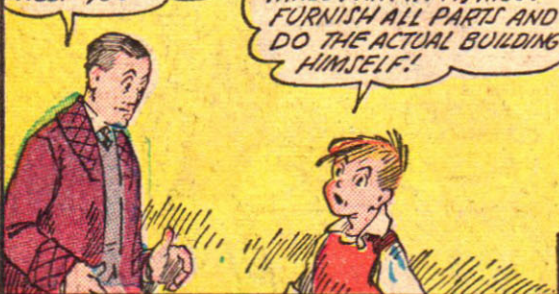
DO YOU KNOW, MOTHER, THAT OUR SON IS PUTTING ON SOME BIG - -



WHY DON'T YOU LET ME IN ON YOUR BIG PLAN? MAYBE I COULD HELP -



I'D RATHER NOT BE A JUDGE - I'D JUST LIKE TO WORK AND HELP YOU!



SOMEWHERE I'VE MUFFED THE BALL ON BEING A DAD - MAYBE I'VE WAITED TOO LONG TO GET INTERESTED IN THE THINGS HE DOES! BUT I'M GONNA SPEND MORE PART OF MY TIME FROM NOW ON!



OH GOSH, I'D LIKE TO SHOW DAD WHAT I'M DOING, BUT IT'S AGAINST TH' RULES - DADS ARE FUNNY - MINE IS ALWAYS SO BUSY, MOST OF TH' TIME HE DOESN'T KNOW I'M HERE - UNLESS HE SEES SOME WORK FOR ME TO DO. THEN OTHER TIMES, HE ACTS LIKE HE'D PLAY WITH ME - IF HE KNEW HOW - HM-M - 'S FUNNY-WORLD!



TIME RACES ON AND NOW THE BIG DAY HAS ARRIVED!

WELL, PUP, WISH ME LUCK! I'M TROTTERING OUT MY WAR CHARIOT FOR TH' BIG EVENT!



WOW!

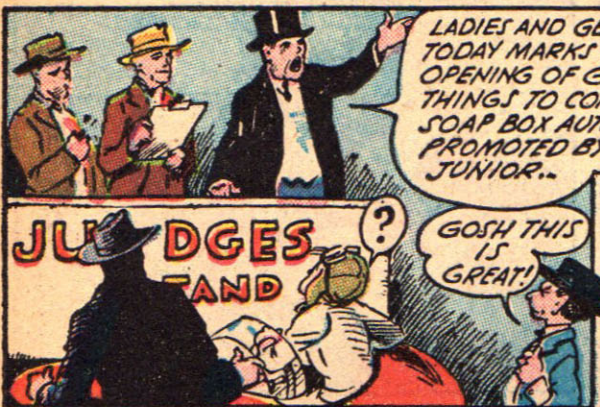
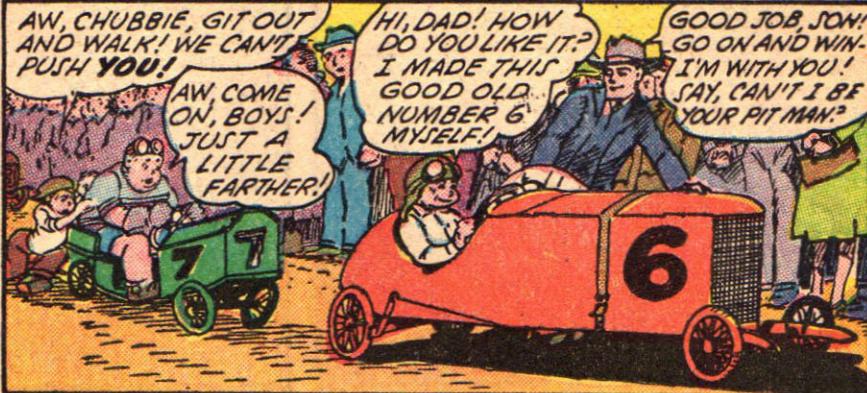
HOT DIGGITY!
KIDS, LOOK!
IT'S GONNA BE
A GOOD OLD
SOAPBOX
AUTO RACE!
HERE THEY
COME FOR TH'
LINE-UP!
WHOOPEE !!

AW, CHUBBIE, GIT OUT
AND WALK! WE CAN'T
PUSH YOU!

AW, COME
ON, BOYS!
JUST A
LITTLE
FARTHER!

HI, DAD! HOW
DO YOU LIKE IT?
I MADE THIS
GOOD OLD
NUMBER 6
MYSELF!

GOOD JOB, SON!
GO ON AND WIN!
I'M WITH YOU!
SAY, CAN'T I BE
YOUR PIT MAN?

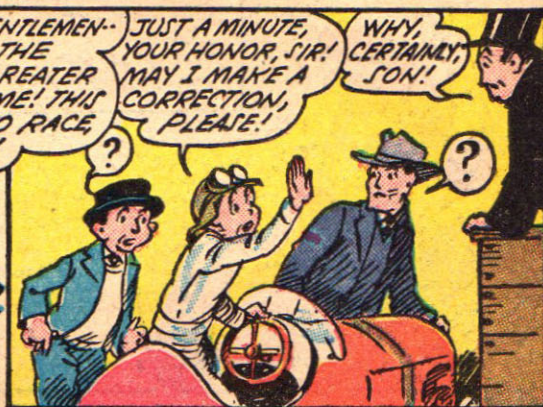


LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--
TODAY MARKS THE
OPENING OF GREATER
THINGS TO COME! THIS
SOAP BOX AUTO RACE
PROMOTED BY
JUNIOR..

JUST A MINUTE,
YOUR HONOR, SIR!
MAY I MAKE A
CORRECTION,
PLEASE!

WHY,
CERTAINLY,
SON!

GOSH THIS
IS
GREAT!



I AM NOT THE PROMOTER
OF THIS BIG RACE! I ONLY
THOUGHT OF THE IDEA--
MY FRIEND, ABBIE, DID
ALL THE PROMOTING --
GETTING TH' PRIZES
AND PUBLICITY!

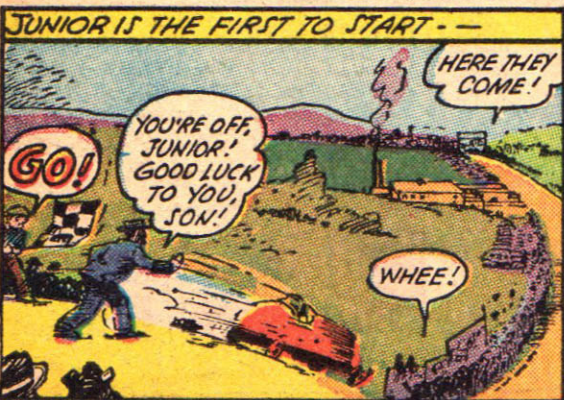
AW, PHOOEY,
JUNIOR! YOU'RE
SPOILING ALL
MY FUN! I
JUST WANTED
TO BE TH' GUY
BEHIND TH'
SCENES!



ALL RIGHT, EVERY-
ONE? THEN,
LET TH' RACE
BEGIN!

I'M
READY!

MAH GOODNESS!
THIS HEAH-HILL
SHO LOOKS LONG
AND STEEP! AH
DUN-NO IF N'D
BETTAH NOT
TAKE NO PAHT
IN IT-UM-M!

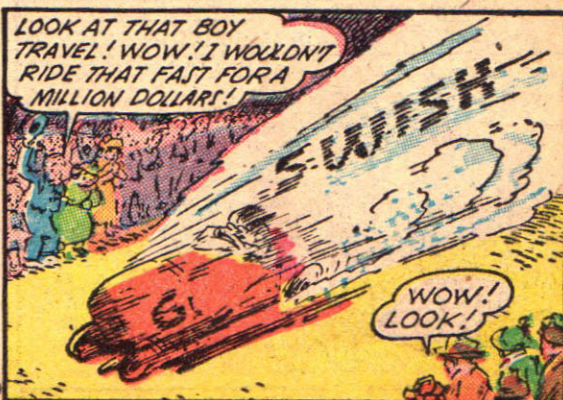


JUNIOR IS THE FIRST TO START --

HERE THEY
COME!

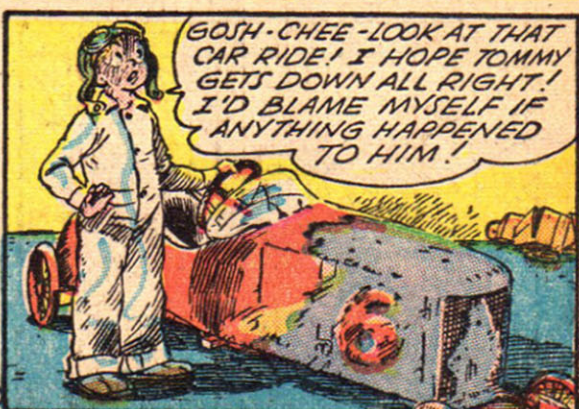
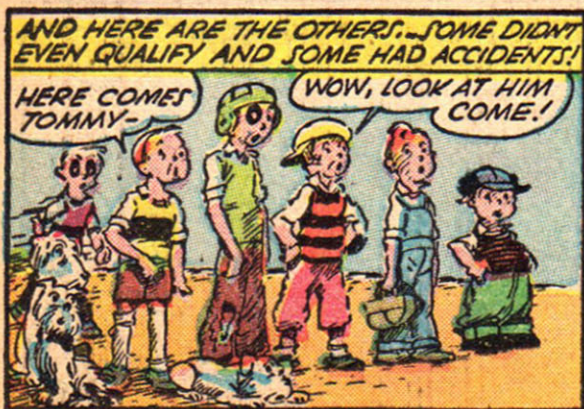
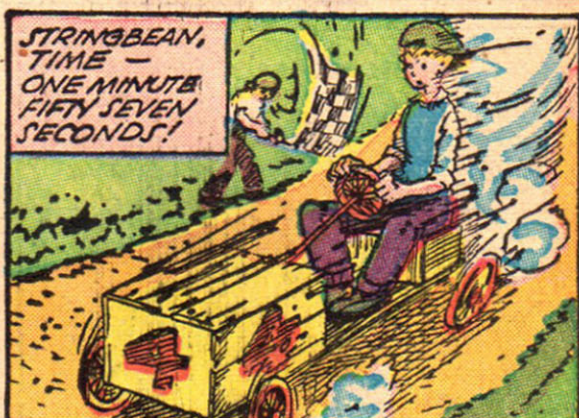
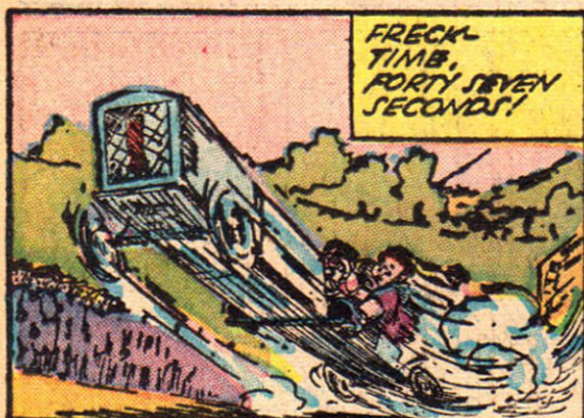
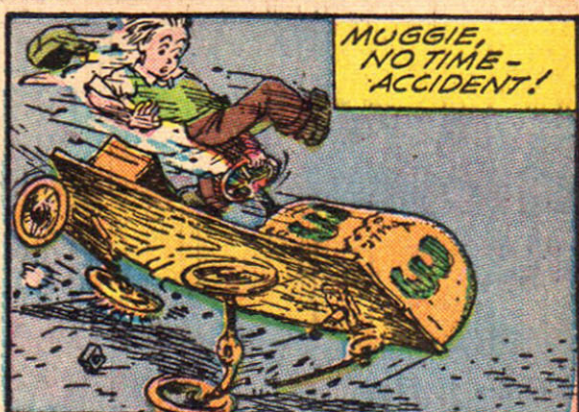
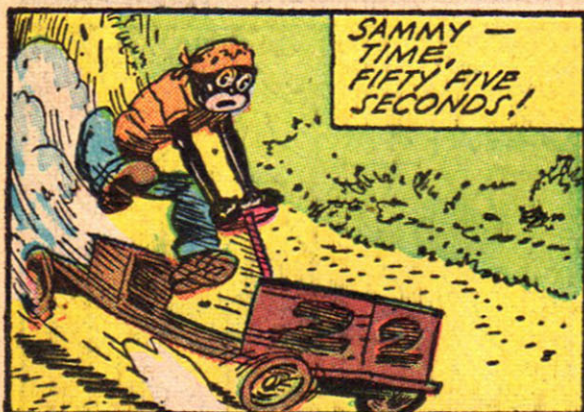
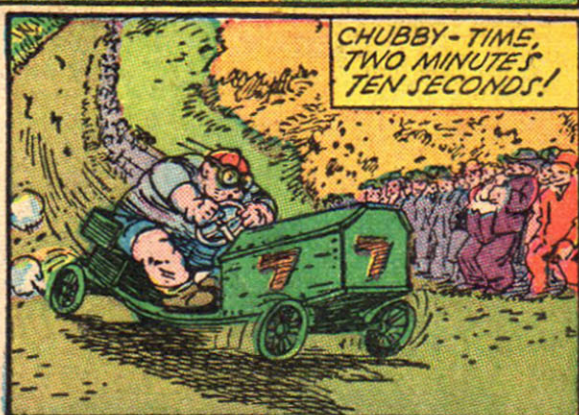
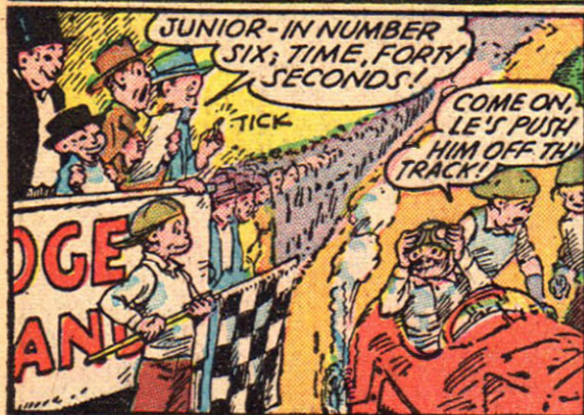
YOU'RE OFF,
JUNIOR!
GOOD LUCK
TO YOU,
SON!

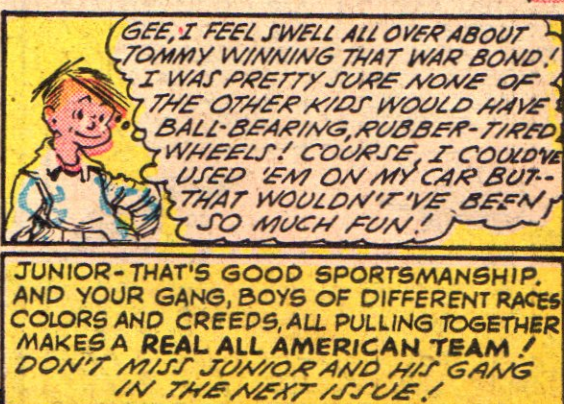
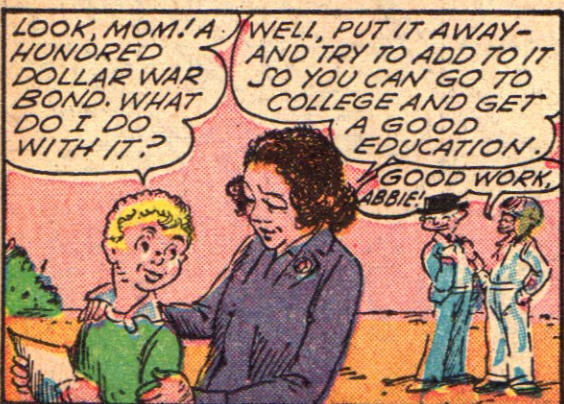
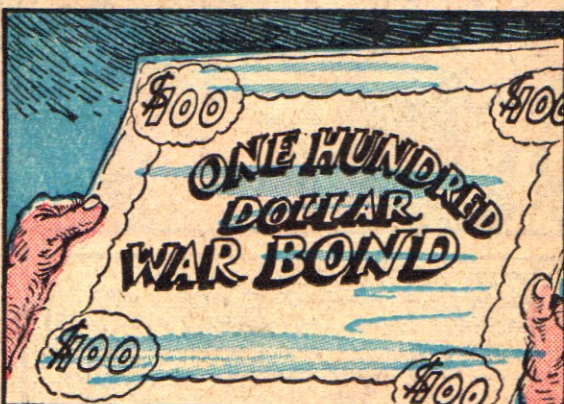
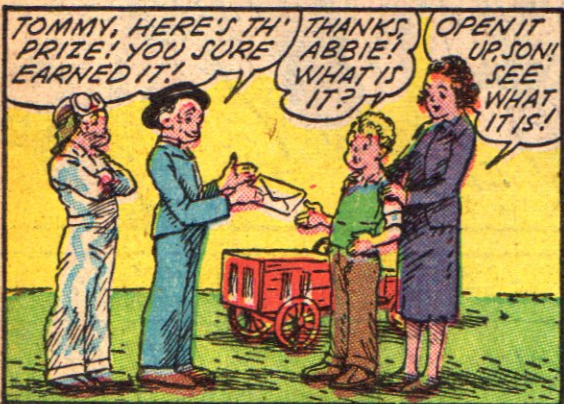
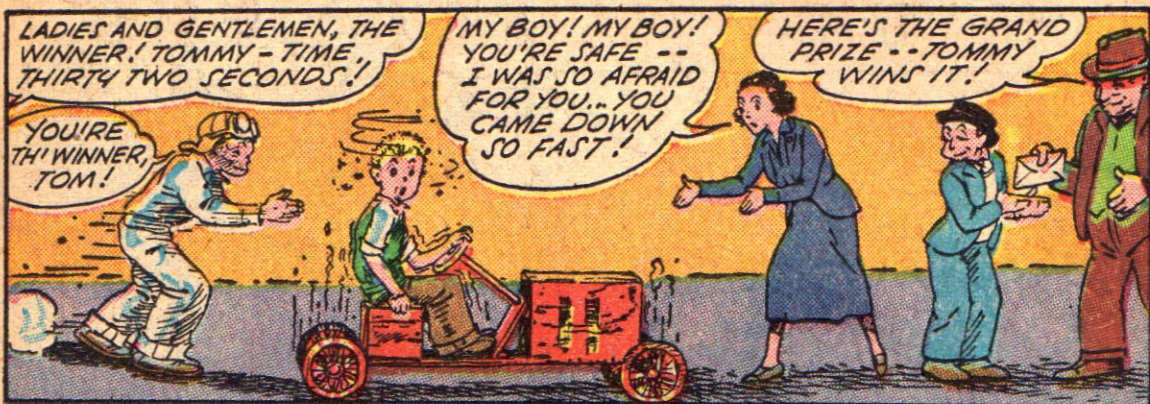
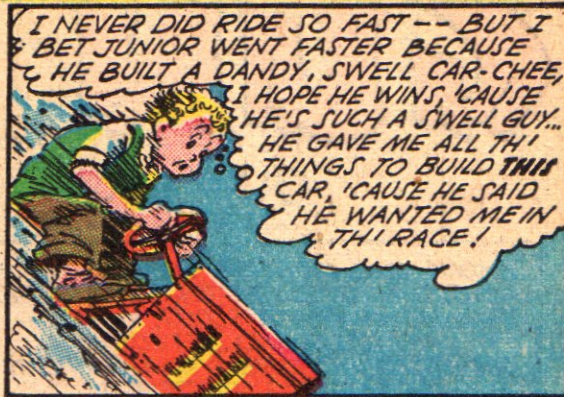
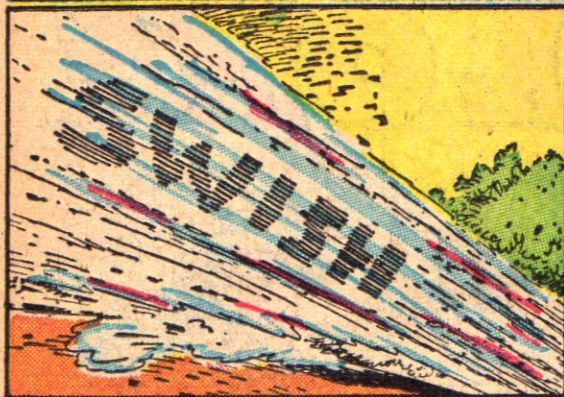
WHEE!



LOOK AT THAT BOY
TRAVEL! WOW! I WOULDN'T
RIDE THAT FAST FOR A
MILLION DOLLAR!

WOW!
LOOK!



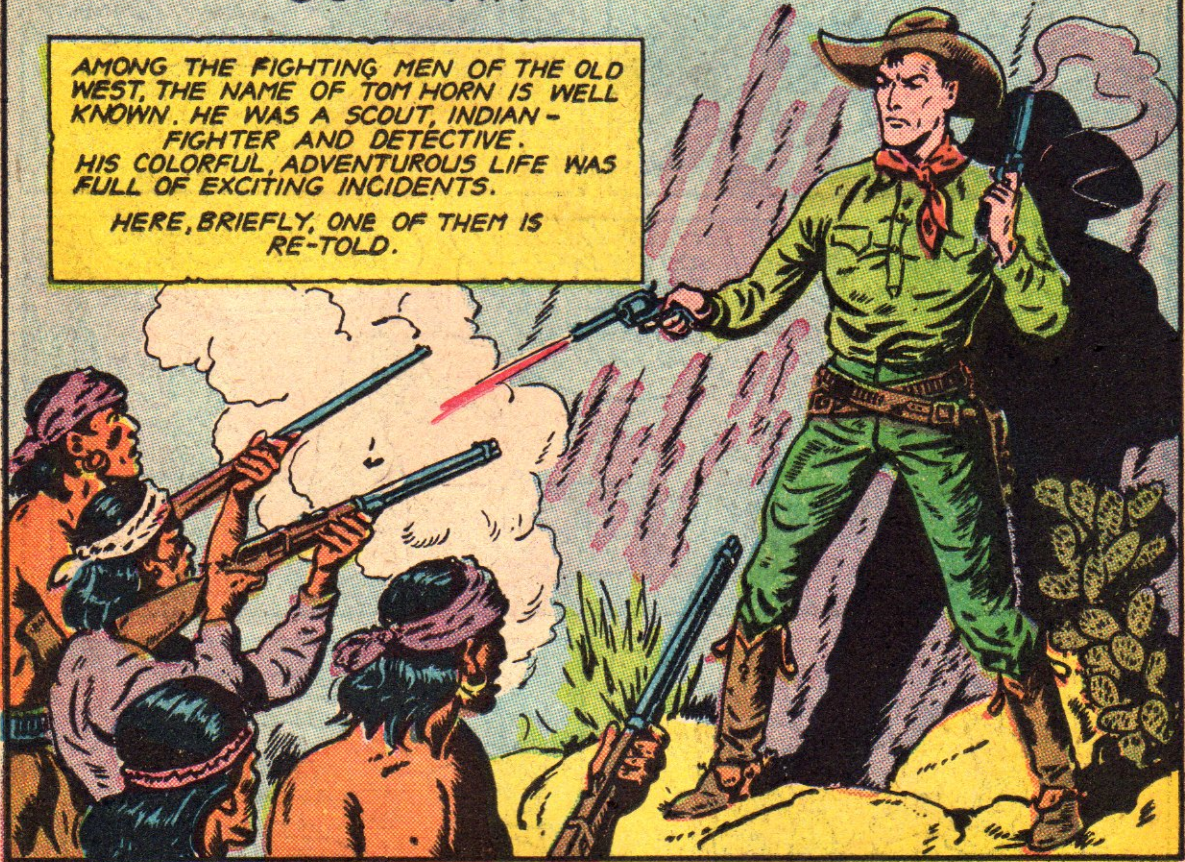


GUN LORE

AND 'GUN' LAW

AMONG THE FIGHTING MEN OF THE OLD WEST, THE NAME OF TOM HORN IS WELL KNOWN. HE WAS A SCOUT, INDIAN-FIGHTER AND DETECTIVE. HIS COLORFUL, ADVENTUROUS LIFE WAS FULL OF EXCITING INCIDENTS.

HERE, BRIEFLY, ONE OF THEM IS RE-TOLD.



NOBODY RESTED EASILY ON THE FRONTIER WHEN THE WORD WAS PASSED THAT THE DREAD APACHES WERE LOOSE!

TOM, WE'RE HEADIN' FER TROUBLE WITH THEM APACHES UNDER GERONIMO OR MUH NAME AIN'T AL SIEBER!

RECKON YER RIGHT AL! THEM VARMINTS AIR UP TO SUTHIN'. I LIVED AMONGST 'EM LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW WHAT THEY'RE INTENDIN'!



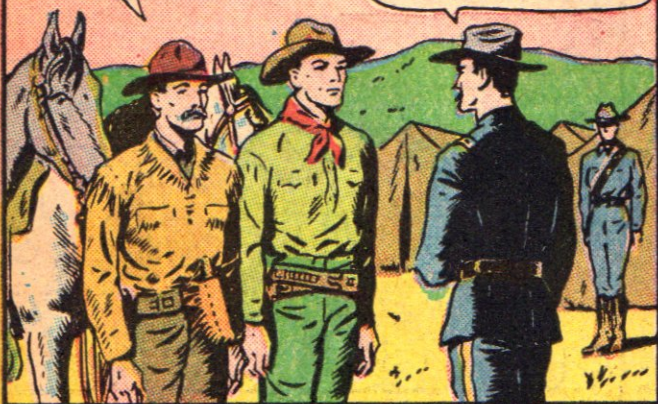
SIEBER AND HORN WERE RIGHT! THE APACHES WENT ON THE WAR-PATH!



AT A U.S. CAVALRY BIVOUAC AREA . . .

SIR, SCOUTS SIEBER AND HORN REPORTING FOR DUTY!

FINE! I'M MAJOR TUPPER.. AND WE'RE IN A TIGHT SPOT HERE!



MORE THAN 300 APACHES UNDER GERONIMO ARE HEADING FOR THE MEXICAN BORDER. I HAVE A TROOP OF 40 MEN UNDER MY COMMAND..AND MY ORDERS ARE TO TURN THE INDIANS BACK! THAT'LL CALL FOR CAREFUL SCOUTING AND PLANNING!



MAJOR, YER TALKIN' TO THE RIGHT BOYS! WE'LL SCOUT THEM RED-SKINS LIKE THEY WUZ NEVER SCOUTED AFORE.. AN' IF THEY KIN BE SURPRISED WE'RE THE BOYS TO TELL YOU HOW TO DO IT!

THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE TO HEAR YOU TALK!



LATER...

HOW D'YE RECKON.. WE KIN GOT THE DROP ON THEM APACHES...

THAT'LL TAKE A LOT OF FIGGERIN' BECAUSE GERONIMO IS A MIGHTY CAGEY CUSS!



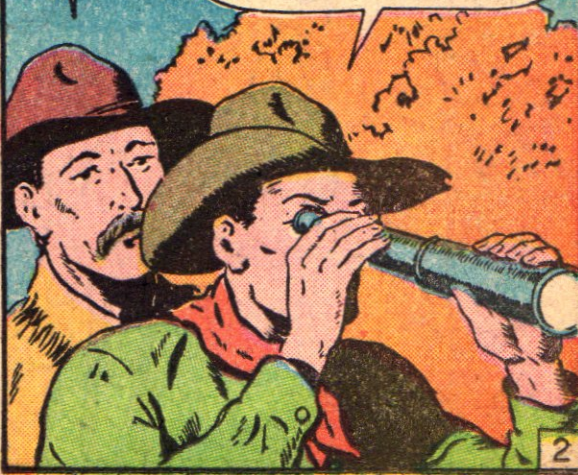
THAR'S A GOOD OBSERVATION POINT, TOM!

RIGHT YOU AIR!



D'YE SEE 'EM, TOM?

HMMM.. YUP! GOT 'EM IN MUH SPY-GLASS... THAR'S A HEAP OF 'EM!



THEM CRITTERS
AIR HOLDIN' A
BIG SHINDIG!
LOOKS LIKE ONE
OF THEM EVER-
LASTIN' FESTIVALS
THAT THEY HAVE!

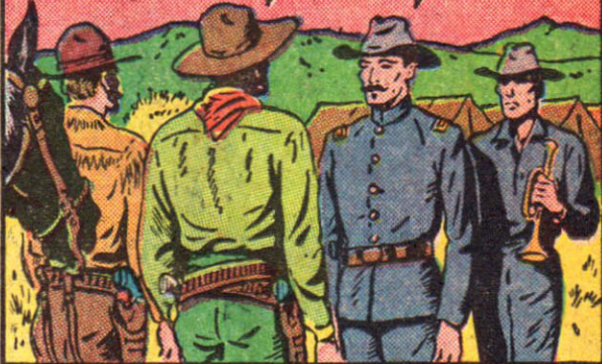
HMMM, RECKON
THEY THINK THEY
GIVE US THE SLIP
- WAAL, WE'LL
WAIT 'TIL NIGHT-
FALL, AN' THEN
MOVE IN ON 'EM-
LET'S GIT BACK
TO THE MAJOR!



BACK AT CAMP...

THEM APACHE 'LL BE
DANCIN' ALL NIGHT
LONG. WE KIN CLOSE
IN ON 'EM TONIGHT
AN' ATTACK AT DAWN!

GOOD!
BUGLER...
SOUND
ASSEMBLY!



TA-TA-TA-
TA-TA-TI-TA-
TA-TA-TA

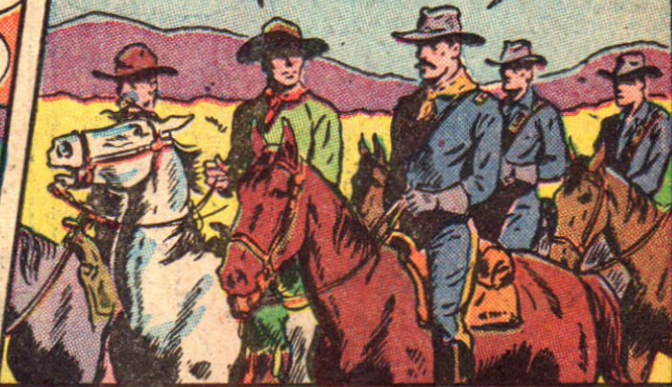
LOOKS LIKE ACTION!
THEM SCOUTS JUST
RODE IN!

SUITS
ME FINE! I'M
TIRED OF
WAITIN'!

THE CAVALRY UNIT SWINGS INTO ACTION..

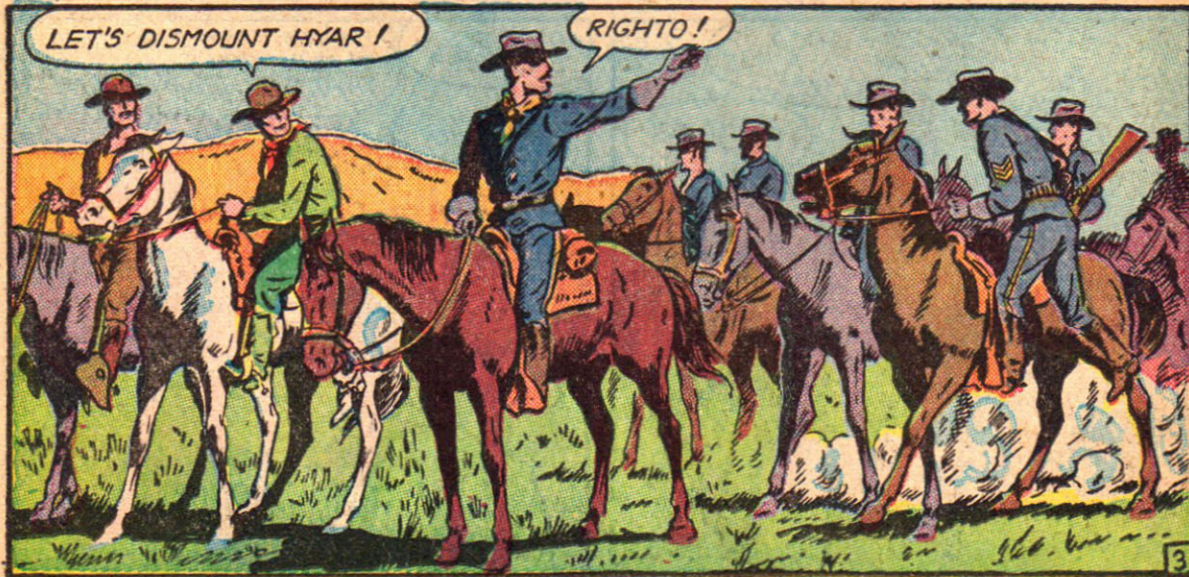
WE'LL RIDE UP THE WAY A
PIECE MAJOR, - AN' THEN
MOVE AHEAD ON FOOT!

OKAY, BOYS!
YOU KNOW
BEST!



LET'S DISMOUNT HYAR!

RIGHTO!



QUIET, BOYS — THEM REDSKINS
GOT MIGHTY SHARP EARS!



GO GIT 'EM BOYS!

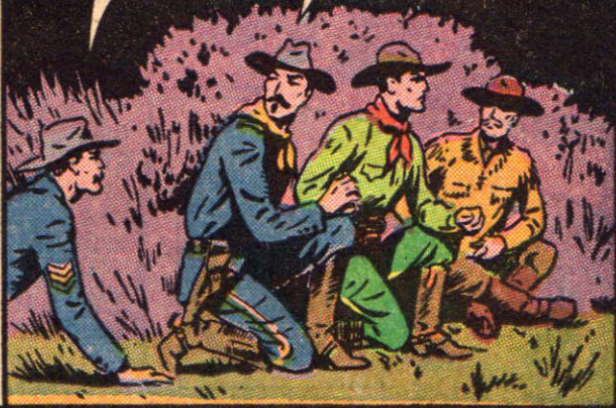
YAHOO! YIPEE!



LATER, AS DARKNESS SETS IN

OKAY, SIR —
THE MEN ARE
ALL SET!

FINE — GET YOUR SECTION
MOVING ON THE FLANK —
WE'LL CLOSE IN NOW!



THE SURPRISE ATTACK OVERWHELMS
THE INDIANS . . .



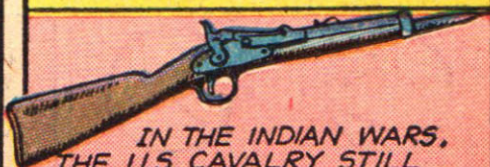
AFTER THE ROUT OF THE INDIANS

BOYS, YOU DID A MIGHTY FINE
JOB — AND I'M PROUD OF YOU!
WE TOOK 54 PRISONERS AND
MORE THAN 260 HORSES. . . IS
THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO
FOR YOU?

YOU BETCHA,
MAJOR —
I'D LIKE ONE
OF THEM
INJUN PONIES



GUN-TIPS



IN THE INDIAN WARS,
THE U.S. CAVALRY STILL
USED THE SINGLE-SHOT
SPRINGFIELD CARBINE. . . .
REPEATING RIFLE ACTIONS
HAD NOT BEEN DEVELOPED
TO THE POINT OF HANDLING
THE LONG, POWERFUL BLACK-
POWDER CARTRIDGES WHICH
HAD BEEN DEVELOPED FOR
THE SINGLE SHOT RIFLES.

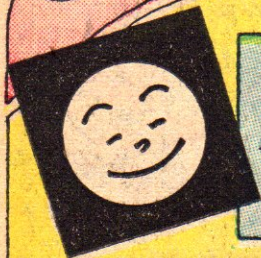


Draw CARTOONS

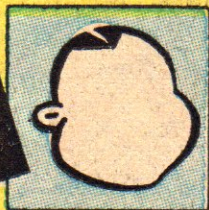
With
HOWELL

EASY LESSONS
IN CARTOONING

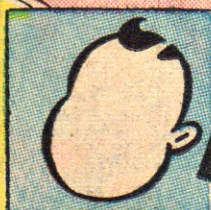
WELL BOYS AND
GIRLS - LET'S
START THESE
LITTLE LESSONS
IN CARTOONING
WITH FAMILAR
FACIAL
EXPRESSIONS-
COPY THE FEW
SIMPLE LINES IN
THE CIRCLES INTO
THE OUTLINES OF
THE HUMAN HEADS



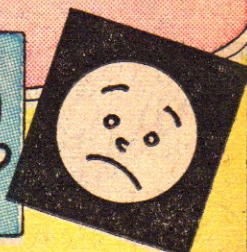
HAPPINESS



USE A SOFT
LEAD PENCIL
AND MAKE
STRONG-SURE
STROKES...



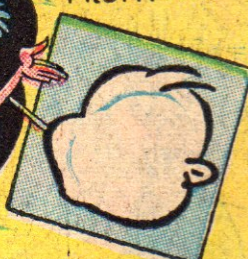
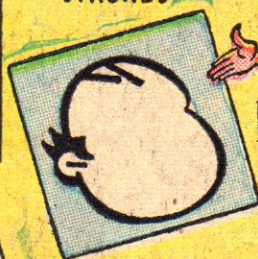
IT'S EASY TO
LEARN TO
DRAW FOR
FUN AND
PROFIT....



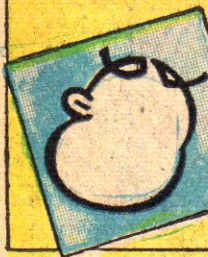
SORROW



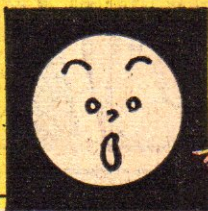
ANGER



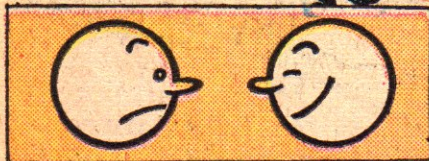
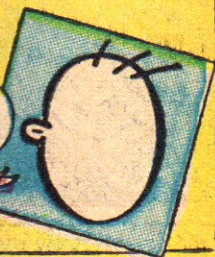
LAUGHTER



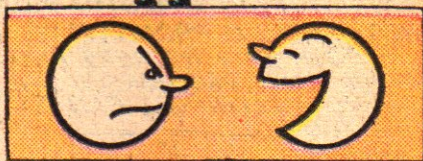
IF HE
WANTS TO
WINK MAKE
HIM DO IT
HERE



PUT THIS
SCARED ONE
OVER HERE



HERE ARE SOME OF
THE EXPRESSIONS
IN PROFILE OR SIDE
VIEW.....



OUR ART GALLERY

THIS SPACE WILL BE RESERVED FOR THE PRINTING OF THE
BEST DRAWINGS SENT IN BY OUR READERS, AFTER THEY
FINISH THE DRAWING LESSON ON THIS PAGE.

ALL YOU DO IS TO DRAW SOMETHING BASED ON THE
THINGS YOU'VE LEARNED FROM THIS LESSON - THE
MORE ORIGINAL THE BETTER THE CHANCE OF ITS
GETTING PRINTED HERE. UNCLE JOE WILL PAY \$1.00
FOR EACH DRAWING THAT APPEARS IN THIS "GALLERY"
(DRAWINGS BECOME THE PROPERTY OF THE MAGAZINE.)



UNCLE JOE & CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES, INC. 84 WILLIAMS ST. NEW YORK, 7. N.Y.



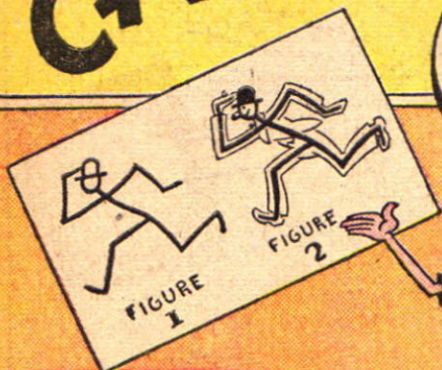
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
AGE _____

draw CARTOONS with HOWELL

HERE'S ANOTHER EASY LESSON IN CARTOONING

WANT TO SEE YOUR DRAWINGS PRINTED? - SWELL OFFER BELOW

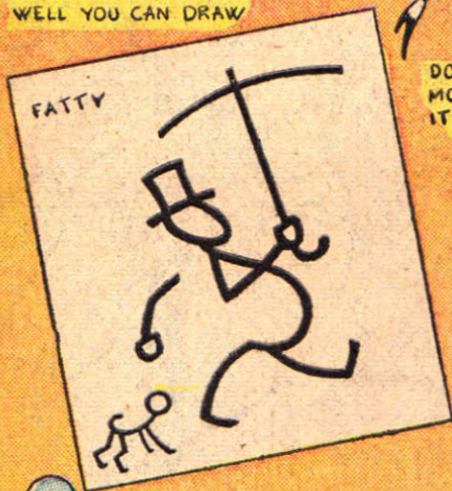
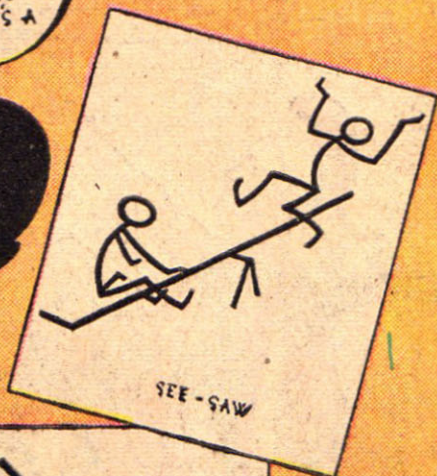
HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE FOLKS - I FURNISH THE SKELETON CLUE AS IN FIGURE 1 - AND YOU COMPLETE THE DRAWINGS AS IN FIGURE 2 - IT'S A CINCH!



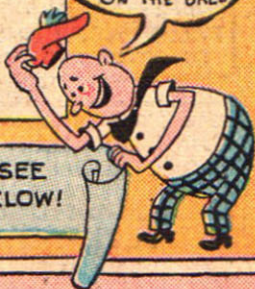
SHOW YOUR PALS HOW WELL YOU CAN DRAW



DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S LESSON - IT'S A WOW!



MY HAT'S OFF TO THE WINNERS - THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING ON THE BALL



GET GOING NOW WITH THIS DRAWING FUN! I WANT TO SEE LOTS OF DRAWINGS FROM YOU ALL FOR THAT SPACE BELOW!

OUR ART GALLERY

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR YOU AND YOU--

(EVERYBODY ELSE - KEEP OFF!)

Uncle Joe.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
AGE _____

DON'T FORGET!

THE RING of DARIUS

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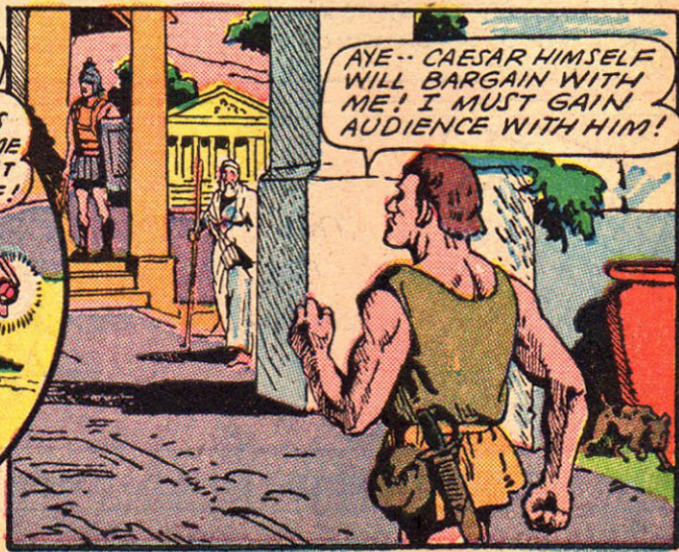
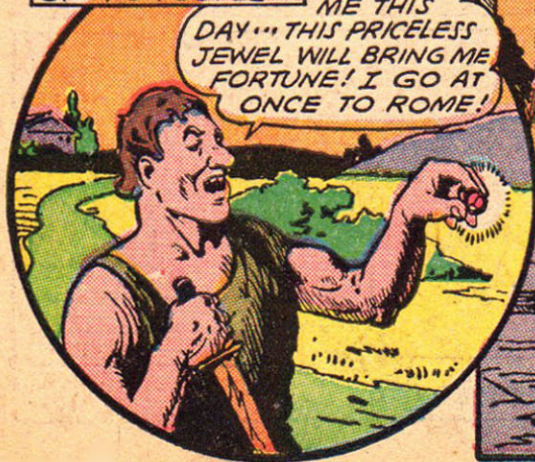


DEATH TO THE POSSESSOR OF THE DIAMOND OF BLOOD -- DARIUS' FABULOUS RING IS TAKEN TO ROME AND EVEN THE GREAT EMPEROR, JULIUS CAESAR, FALLS UNDER UNDER ITS STRANGE POWER!

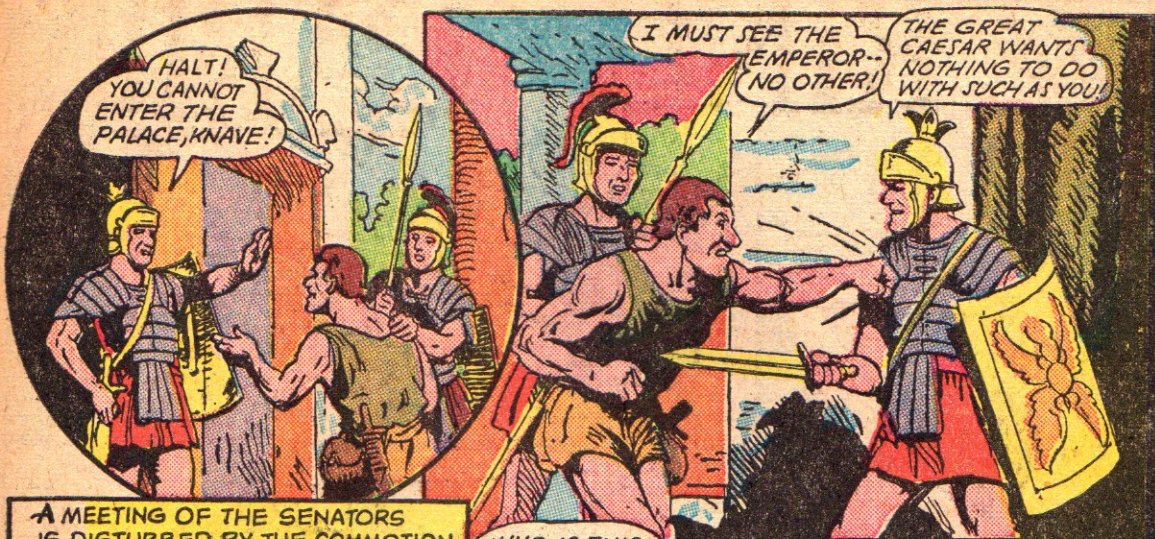
REMUS, THE ASSASSIN, HAS GAINED POSSESSION OF THE RED DIAMOND THROUGH THE DEATH OF TWO PEOPLE --

THE GODS HAVE FAVORED ME THIS DAY... THIS PRICELESS JEWEL WILL BRING ME FORTUNE! I GO AT ONCE TO ROME!

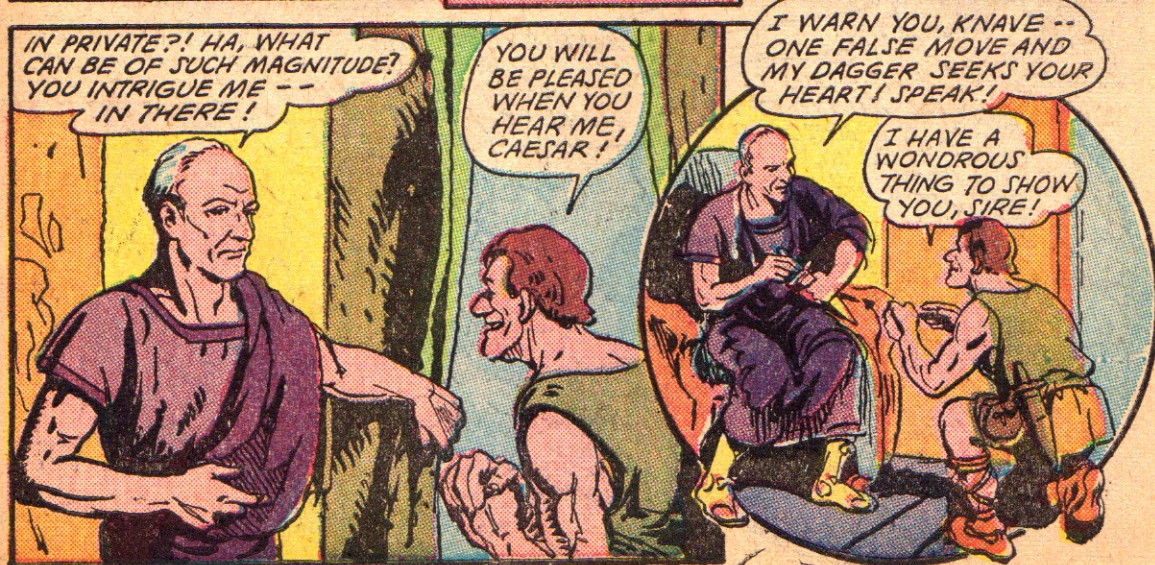
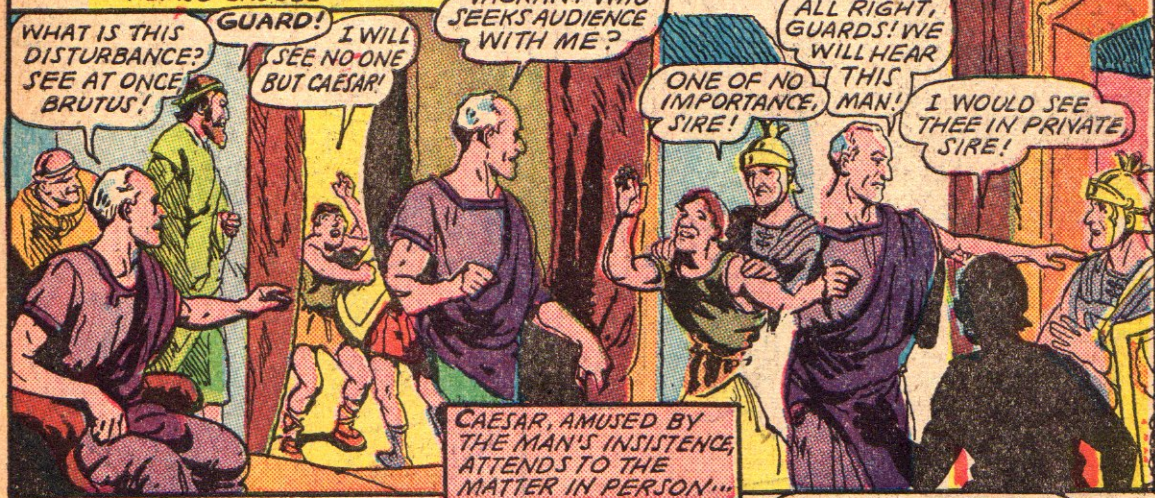
AYE -- CAESAR HIMSELF WILL BARGAIN WITH ME! I MUST GAIN AUDIENCE WITH HIM!



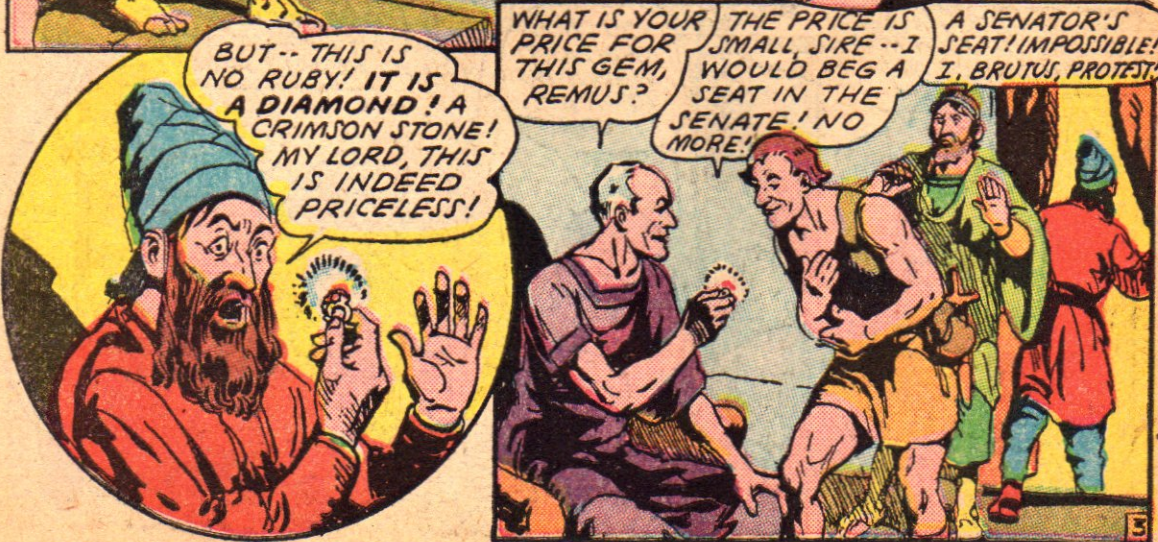
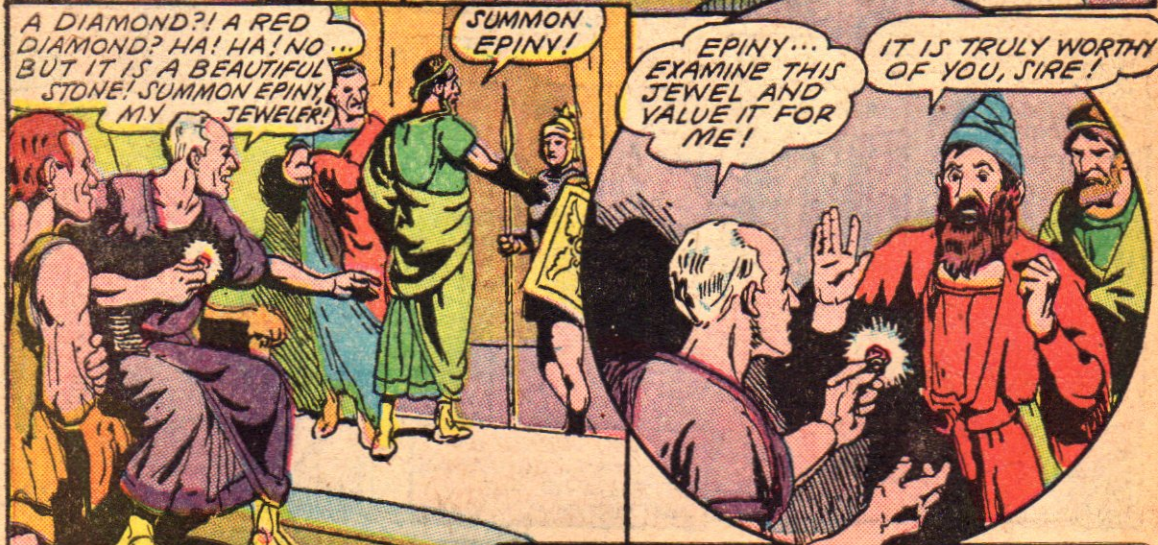
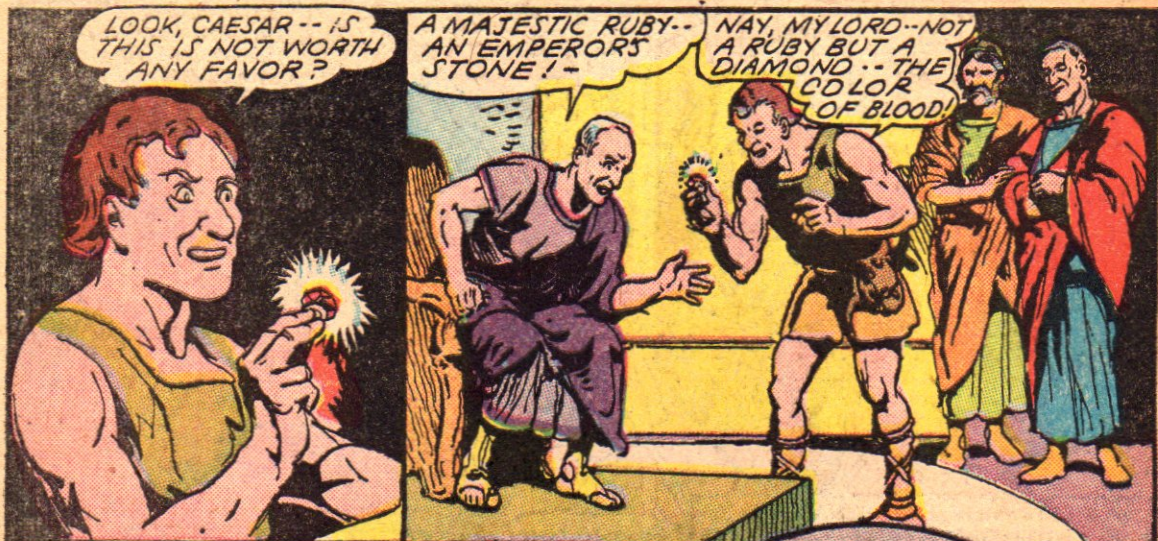
RING OF DARIUS



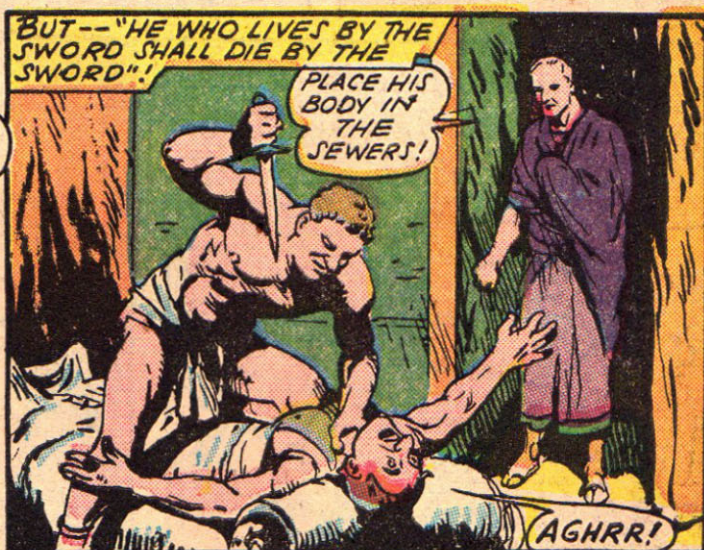
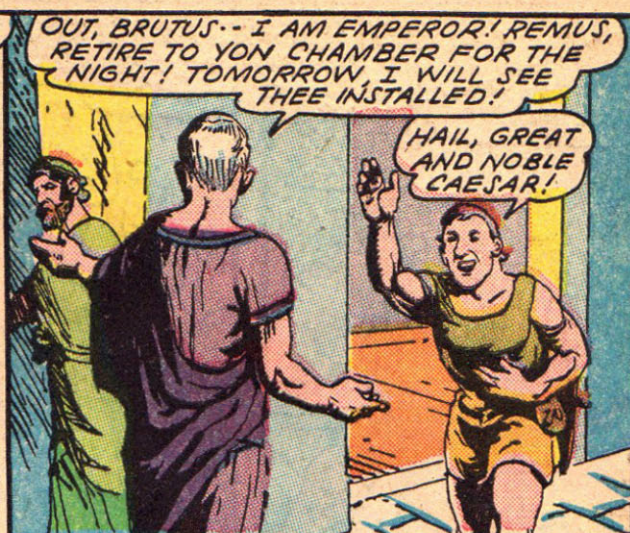
A MEETING OF THE SENATORS IS DISTURBED BY THE COMMOTION REMUS CAUSES ...



RING OF DARIUS



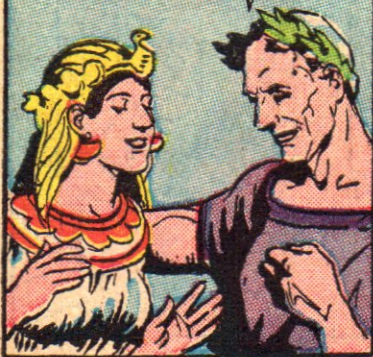
RING OF DARIUS



RING OF DARIUS

I WOULD THINK FURTHER ON THE MATTER, CAESAR! THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT MUST BE DECIDED...

WAIT!!! SAY NO MORE!



THE DIAMOND OF DIAMONDS FOR THE QUEEN OF QUEENS-- IF SHE WILL AGREE!

OHH-- HOW SPLENDID! IS IT REALLY A DIAMOND?



IT IS! AND IT CAN BE YOURS IF YOU WILL BUT SAY ONE WORD!

CAESAR, YOU PLAY ON MY WOMAN'S LOVE OF BEAUTY-- YES!



AT THIS SAME TIME, CONSPIRACY DEVELOPS ON THE FLOOR OF THE SENATE --

BRUTUS, MY SPIES HAVE INFORMED ME THAT EVEN NOW CLEOPATRA HAS JOINED WITH CAESAR!

THAT IS BAD, CASSIUS! CAESAR MUST BE HALTED! OR THE POPULACE WILL RISE AGAINST US!

WHAT OF THE NEW SENATOR? HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?



THE IDES OF MARCH-- FATEFUL, HISTORICAL

HA-- IT SEEMS MY SENATE DISAPPROVES OF MY PACT WITH CLEOPATRA! LET THEM TRY TO STOP THE GREAT CAESAR!

NOW!

IT IS TIME!



THE SENATORS CARRY OUT THEIR PLAN OF ASSASSINATION!

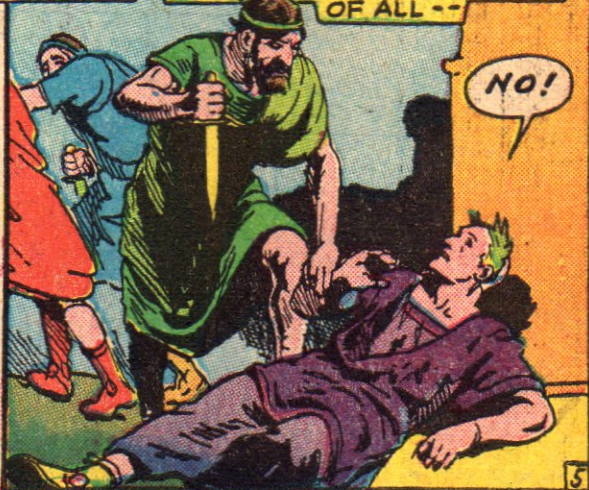
DIE, CAESAR SO ROME MAY LIVE!

NOOO!



THEN, THE DEEPEST STAB OF ALL --

NO!



RING OF DARIUS



BRUTUS-- YOU TOO? BUT, YOU WERE MY FRIEND ... UGH



GO NOW-- DISPERSE! CAESAR IS DEAD!

IT IS GOOD!

CLEOPATRA HEARS THE NEWS--

MY QUEEN, CAESAR HAS BEEN SLAIN AT THE SENATE!

WHAT? NO! IT IS UNBELIEVABLE! WHAT MUST I DO NOW?



PREPARE MY LITTER-- I GO TO SPEAK WITH MARC ANTONY!

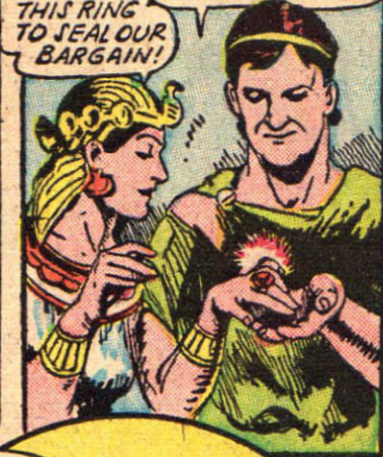
IT IS DONE, MADAME!



CLEOPATRA AND MARC ANTONY..

JUST THIS MORNING, CAESAR GAVE ME THIS RING TO SEAL OUR BARGAIN!

THE RING FOR WHICH THEY THOUGHT HE WOULD MAKE REMUS SENATOR!



SPIES ARE ALL THROUGH ROME AND OCTAVIUS HEARS OF THE MEETING --

SO SHE IS WITH ANTONY!? THE PEOPLE ARE FURIOUS WITH THE EGYPTIAN QUEEN-- MEASURES MUST BE TAKEN!



WHAT IS YOUR PLAN, OCTAVIUS?

THERE IS BUT ONE WAY-- WAR! ROME WILL DECLARE WAR ON EGYPT!



RING OF DARIUS

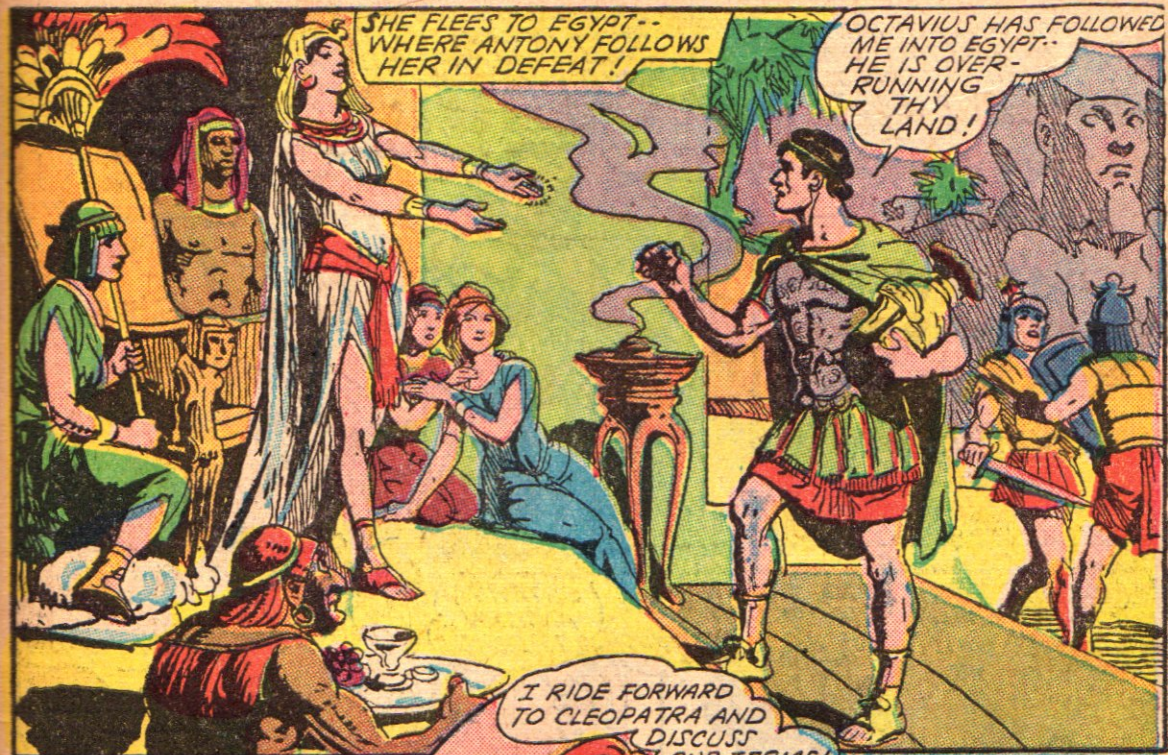
CLEOPATRA -- OCTAVIUS
HAS DECLARED WAR
ON EGYPT!

ANTONY --
YOU MUST HELP
ME!

ANTONY'S LEGIONS JOIN THE EGYPTIAN
FORCE AND MEET WITH THE ROMANS IN
FURIOUS BATTLE -- STAINING THE CALM
WATERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN WITH
THE BLOOD OF THE BRAVE MEN!
CLEOPATRA WATCHES WITH DISMAY AS
THE ROMANS OVERCOME HER PROUD
FORCES ...



RING OF DARIUS



THE EGYPTIANS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE ROMAN WARRIORS --

SO THE ENEMY HAS BROKEN COMBAT-- EGYPT HAS SURRENDERED TO ME!

I RIDE FORWARD TO CLEOPATRA AND DISCUSS OUR TERMS!

OCTAVIUS ENTERS THE EGYPTIAN COURT!

I REFUSE TO SURRENDER MARC ANTONY TO YOU!



I WILL RETURN TOMORROW!

AYE, OCTAVIUS, THAT IS THE FACT!



RING OF DARIUS

OCTAVIUS WILL NOT REST UNTIL HE HAS KILLED MARC ANTONY-- HOW CAN I WARN HIM? EVEN I DO NOT KNOW WHERE ANTONY IS!



THIS RING--ALL TROUBLE STEMS FROM IT! AH, NO! SUCH BEAUTY COULD NOT BRING HORRIBLE DISASTER!



MEANWHILE, OCTAVIUS STARTS A RUMOR WHICH EVENTUALLY REACHES ANTONY'S EARS--



SIRE, IT IS SAID THAT CLEOPATRA IS DEAD-- BY HER OWN HAND

DEAD?! AYE--WHAT MORE IS LEFT TO SUCH AS US?

BETTER THAT I, TOO, TAKE MY LIFE THAN SURRENDER MYSELF TO OCTAVIUS!



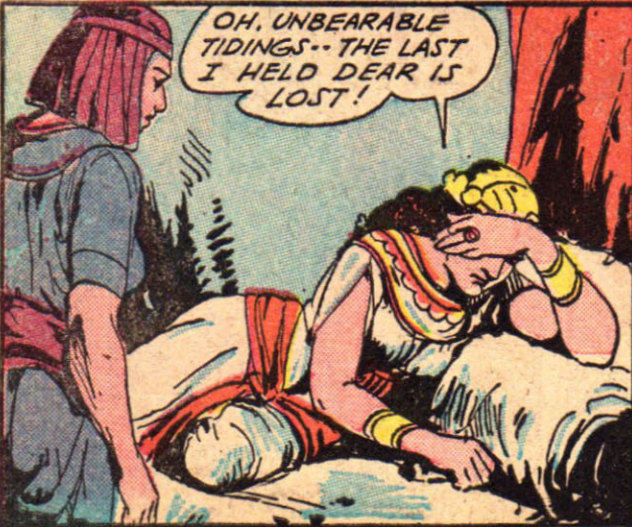
OCTAVIUS, ANTONY IS DEAD!



AH! MY SCHEME HAS WORKED! TELL THE QUEEN OF THIS NEWS!



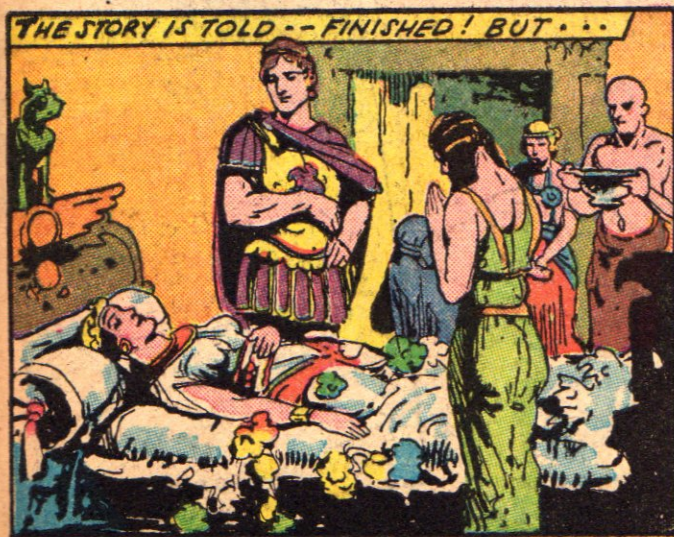
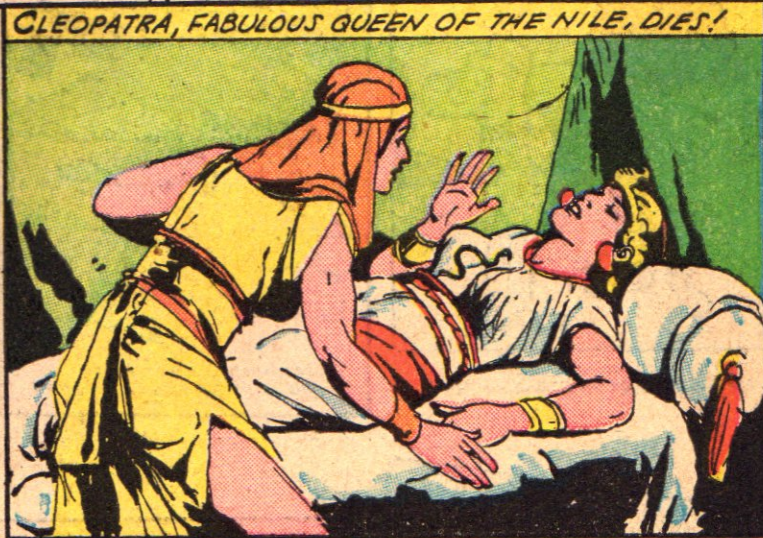
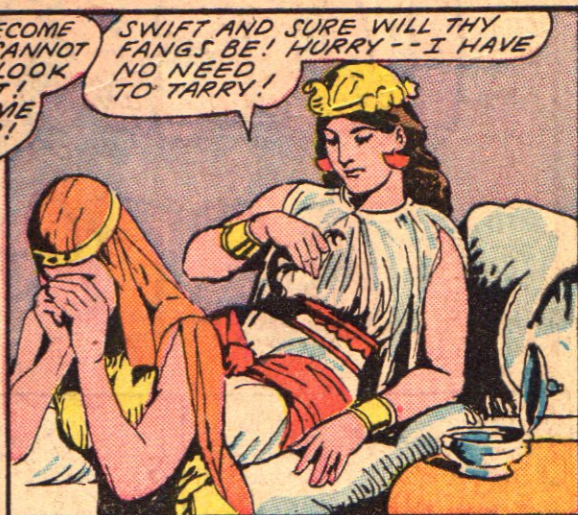
OH, UNBEARABLE TIDINGS-- THE LAST I HELD DEAR IS LOST!



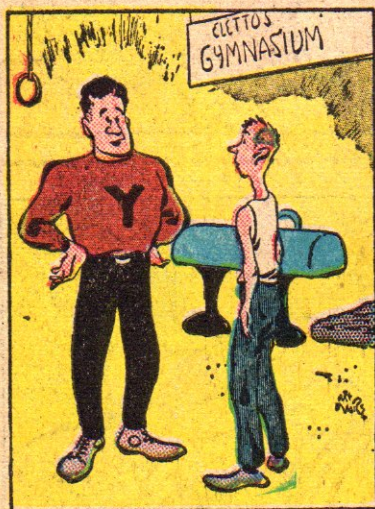
THE RING -- PERHAPS I WAS RIGHT-- MAYHAP IT'S BLOOD RED COLOR HOLDS ONLY FOR THE BLOOD SPILLED UPON IT... ANTONY'S BLOOD!



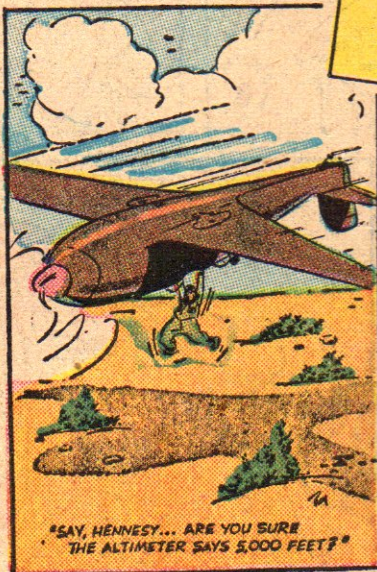
RING OF DARIUS



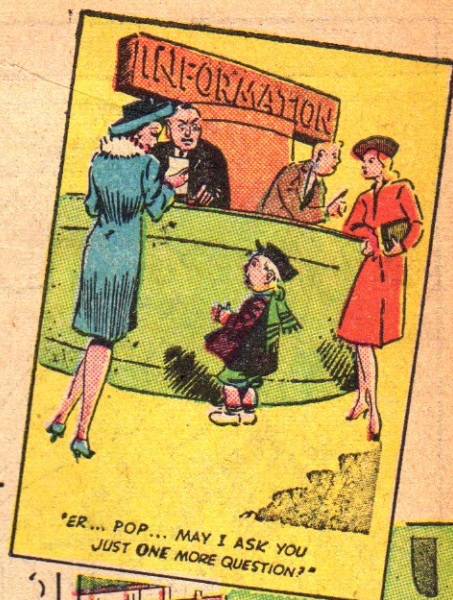
LUCKY COMICS LAFF



"DO YOU WANT THE RIPPED STOMACH FOR FIVE DOLLARS -- OR THE BULGING BICEPS FOR THREE?"



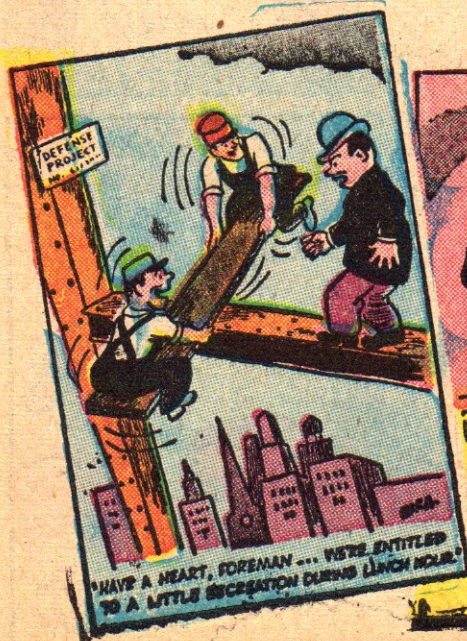
"SAY, HENNESSY... ARE YOU SURE THE ALTIMETER SAYS 5,000 FEET?"



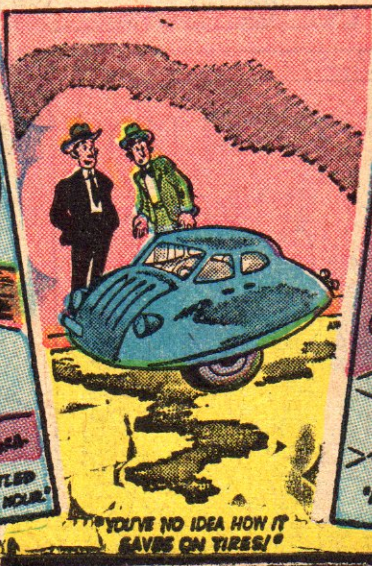
"ER... POP... MAY I ASK YOU JUST ONE MORE QUESTION?"



"NO MISTAKES, NOW, CHILDREN... WE, TOO, MUST DO OUR PART TO CONSERVE RUBBER!"



"HAVE A HEART, FOREMAN... WE'RE ENTITLED TO A LITTLE RECREATION DURING LUNCH HOUR!"



"YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW IT SAVES ON TIRES!"



"HURRY, ED! BEFORE SHE PICKS UP SPEED!"



It's EASY
to
Win Her!

...when You Know How!

READ for YOURSELF!

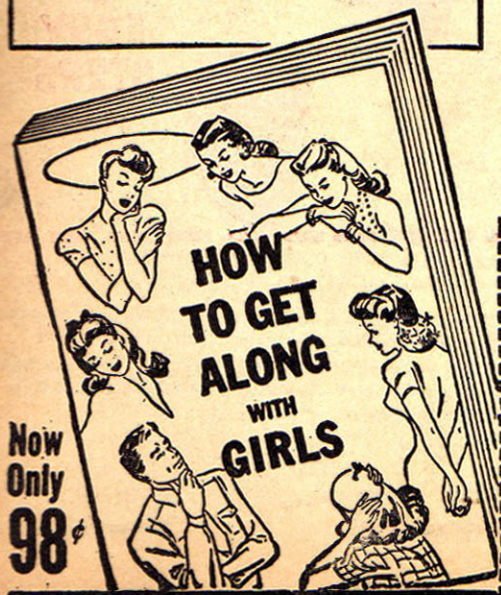
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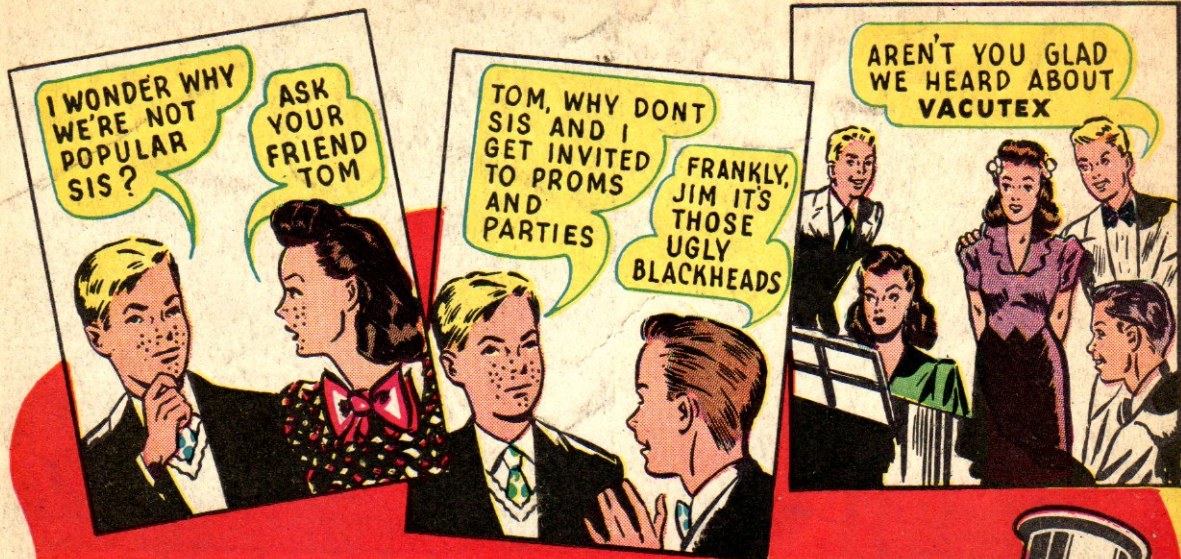
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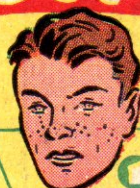
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